

FORUM

Clench the Fist and Smash the Party

By Marvin B. Gelber

Dives and Lazarus

By Eugene Forsey

Charles F. Comfort

By G. Campbell McInnes

Health Insurance in British Columbia

By H. F. Angus

Crime Club

By Rufus

The Sit-Down Strike

Editorial

The Role of Tuberculosis in English Poetry

By J. Markowitz M.D.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

MONTHLY COMPETITION

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The Canadian Forum Limited
28 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada
Subscriptions: One Year, \$2; Six Months, \$1

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JOSEPH McCULLEY, B.A.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XVII.

Toronto, Ontario, April, 1937.

No. 195

The Dominion Budget

MR. DUNNING'S budget speech, lucid, comprehensive and almost impeccably orthodox, contained nothing exciting or inspiring. Its review of the economic situation was unusually elaborate and complete, but the only new thing in it was the January relief figures: declines, from January, 1936, of 8 per cent. in heads of families on relief, 5 per cent. in total numbers; outside the drought areas, 11 and 7 per cent. respectively. The deficit for the year, \$87,395,000, was about \$13,000,000 less than the Minister had predicted last year; but as it included a quite unforeseen item of \$18,765,000 written off active assets as the Dominion's contribution to debt relief in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the real deficit was only \$68,630,000, as against \$159,989,000 last year. Mr. Dunning's method of reckoning, carried to its logical conclusion, would give us an even larger deficit than \$87,395,000; for it is high time we wrote off our active assets the \$30,494,000 of loans to Greece and Roumania, on which we have received no interest for five or six years. The estimated deficit for next year is \$35,000,000. The Montreal press is heavily underlining the Minister's statement that \$35,000,000 is precisely the amount of the estimated C.N.R. cash deficit; it is significantly silent on the fact that our projected expenditure on armaments is more than \$35,000,000. We are likely to hear a good deal of the slogan, "Unification means a balanced budget." As an alternative we offer, "Disarmament means a surplus."

The Anglo-Canadian Trade Agreement

PERHAPS the most important part of the budget was the new trade agreement with the United Kingdom, (analyzed briefly elsewhere in this issue). It is a marked improvement on its predecessor. The old agreement gave preference to British goods in three ways: first, by lowering the British Preference rate, leaving the others unchanged; second, by raising the other rates, leaving the British Preference rate unchanged; third, by lowering the British

Preference rate and raising the other rates. The first method was comparatively unobjectionable; it made trade within the Empire freer without raising new barriers against foreign goods. This was a move towards freer trade generally. The second method was just the opposite, especially when, as often happened, the bulk of our imports of the goods concerned came from foreign countries. The third, or mixed, method had, naturally, mixed results. For items for which Britain was our main source of supply, it meant freer trade, for others the reverse.

The new agreement changes all this. There are no increases against the outside world. The increased preferences result from reductions in the duties on British goods. There are also provision for modifying the preferences if they lead to monopoly exploitation of the consumer, and for a sliding scale margin of preference and possible free entry for goods "of a class or kind not made in Canada". The whole trend of the Canadian concessions in the new agreement is towards freeing trade generally. But one still wonders whether the wider markets which we now offer to British manufacturers can be at all adequate to the markets which our producers will enjoy in Britain, and whether the additional weight which we are to throw into the balance may not be our increased expenditures for defence forces which will be Canadian in time of peace and British in time of war.

Canada and Neutrality

THE DISCUSSION of Canadian foreign policy has been proceeding on the assumption that the Canadian people are free to make for themselves the decision which will determine their relation to the next British war. Messrs. King and Lapointe, in deliberately vague statements in the House, have succeeded in giving the impression that, after Britain has started to fight, our parliament can decide whether Canada shall be belligerent or neutral. It was by statements such as these that they managed to hold the more radical and pacifist of their fol-

lowers. But in fact we shall be participants in any European affray from the moment that His Majesty, on the advice of Mr. Chamberlain, has declared war. At present, as repeatedly pointed out in these columns, we have no power of declaring our neutrality. We may decide to remain passively belligerent. But in that condition we shall be bound to intern ships belonging to Britain's enemy, stop all trade and communication with that enemy, and take other steps of similar character. More important, Canadian property may legally be seized by the enemy power and Canadian citizens arrested. Before our parliament had time to meet there would almost certainly have been some "incidents" which, as reported in our papers, would inflame Canadian opinion. And when parliament did meet the only question which it could decide would be whether we should send troops overseas or not. This is because the Crown of Great Britain can alone speak for us on the subject of war and peace. The royal prerogative in this field has never been delegated to our Governor-General. The decision of His Majesty, which will be taken on the advice of Mr. Chamberlain, advice which cannot be overridden by that of our Mr. King, will have brought us into the war for the duration.

South Africa and Neutrality

IN SOUTH AFRICA, where the climate or something seems to prevent the emergence of such flabby politicians as our Mr. King, they have faced up to this issue of the powers of the Dominion government on questions of peace and war, and they appear to have settled it. In 1934 the South African parliament passed two Acts, the Status of Union Act and the Royal Executive Functions and Seals Act. The first declares the status of the Union of South Africa as a sovereign independent state, and enacts that the executive government of the Union, in any aspect of its domestic or external affairs, is vested in the King, acting on the advice of his Ministers of State for the Union, and may be administered by His Majesty in person or by the Governor General as his representative. The second provides the Union with a Great Seal and a Signet of its own, to be kept in the custody of the prime minister, and lays down that whenever the King's signature to any instrument cannot be obtained or when the obtaining of it would, in the opinion of the South African government, cause undue delay, then the Governor General, on the advice of his Ministers of State for the Union, may execute and sign such instruments on behalf of His Majesty; and an instrument so executed and signed by the Governor-General, and countersigned by one of his Ministers, shall be of the same force and effect as an instrument signed by the King. Thus South Africa, if she wishes to do

so, through her own Governor-General (who is now a South African, not an importation from England), can declare her neutrality in any British war. The right to do this without question will probably not be complete until foreign states have been formally notified. And it would seem that the proper body to decide that the outside world should be notified about the new relationship between the states of the Commonwealth would be the Imperial Conference. Here is one of the questions that might be discussed at the Conference in June. But, my dear, this is Coronation Year!

Quebec Politics

THE political situation in Quebec is doing everything but stand still. The people "changed" their government last August, and are now beginning to discover, as are the people of the Dominion, that a shift between two capitalist parties is no change at all. Mr. Duplessis' achievements to date are paltry in the extreme. He has adopted an unenforceable law prohibiting corporations from floating bonds to an amount greater than the "real" value of their assets (whatever that may mean); he has adopted old age pensions, but even his opponents were committed to that before their defeat; and he has now come forward with a scheme for a provincial "hydro". This last move was rendered necessary to stave off the growing pressure from Dr. Hamel and his followers, whose drive for direct action against the power trust in Quebec was supported to the point of resignation by Oscar Drouin, minister of lands and forests. The so-called hydro ostensibly aims to aid municipal ownership, and to develop government power sites in areas not already served by private interests — that is, in the less profitable areas of the province. At best Mr. Duplessis' plan will provide a few "yardsticks", and will possibly be of help in the new mining districts. It will leave the ordinary consumer just as exploited as before and sooner or later the Quebec voter will find this out.

Quebec Fascism

THE chief activity of Mr. Duplessis, however, seems to be red-baiting. Quebec cannot enact criminal legislation to replace Section 98, so a new law has been put through which will seek to prevent "Communist" meetings by padlocking their meeting-places. This is a good example of the working of the ultra-reactionary Catholic mentality in the province, for whom the premier is undoubtedly the spokesman. The more the anti-communist drive gets under way, the clearer it becomes that the danger really feared is anti-clericalism. The enormous wealth and power

of the Quebec church, derived from a populace largely poverty stricken and backward, is producing the inevitable discontent, and the ecclesiastical authorities are seeking to justify repression of perfectly legal opposition by dubbing the anti-clerical as communist. It is modern Spain in miniature. We may expect grave disorders in Quebec if this suicidal policy is continued. The Montreal Standard of March 13th reported the organizers of the Knights of Columbus in Quebec City as having said that "if they cannot prevent communist activities by organization, they will resort to force". Who are the real enemies of law and order now? Such language is clear sedition. If Mr. Duplessis would enforce the existing criminal law with equal impartiality against all who provoke disorder he would have nothing to fear, but in that case he would find it was not communists who filled his jails.

Lighter Side of the Penitentiary Inquiry

MOST OF the evidence before the Archambault Commission makes pretty grim reading, but there is one passage which verges on farce. Mr. Tim Buck testified that when he and his fellow Communists entered Kingston they were denied the privilege of buying books. He himself was not allowed to buy Dr. Skelton's *Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier*, nor to subscribe to the *Labour Gazette*. It is not clear who was responsible for this; but according to Mr. Buck, as reported in the newspapers, it was no less a personage than General Ormond, Superintendent of Penitentiaries, who gave orders that the Communist leader could not subscribe to *Hansard*, on the ground that there were "too many radical speeches in it." The spectacle of the gallant general preserving Mr. Buck's virgin innocence from being corrupted by reading Mr. Woodsworth's speeches is one that almost defies comment. Was General Ormond trying to maintain the reputation conferred on his profession by a witty Frenchman, "*Les militaires sont toujours des imbéciles*"? We should remember that we have generals also at the head of the Mounted Police and the Research Council.

The Good Old Days

THE INQUIRY into the Guelph penitentiary riots has produced some revolting evidence, summarized on another page. The 1937 prize for fine old crusted Toryism goes to one of the witnesses, Dr. A. E. Lavelle. According to press reports, this worthy, "before his appointment as provincial historian, was executive officer of the parole board, and was active in the prison reform association forty years ago". Judging by what he seems to have said,

"forty" is a misprint for "one hundred and forty": "Early in the nineteenth century there was no trouble in prisons. The prisoners were made to regret their crimes and it was done efficiently and brutally. . . . The Ontario reformatory was first established as a prison farm. . . . There should be a wall built all around the main parts . . . I would have the wall guarded by men with rifles who can hit a target. . . . It would be far better if every person who went by shuddered. I would not have it beautiful . . . would have only two beautiful parts . . . the school and the church." Dr. Lavelle also indicated that he preferred "vindictive punishment": "If you were ever robbed of \$50 you would know that vindictive punishment suited the occasion." He praised the strict treatment and discipline at Wandsworth, the war-time prison: "I never heard of a man serving a second term there". After all this it is startling to find the doctor urging that prisoners should have "mattresses, blankets and sheets". But he hastens to explain: "for sanitary reasons". Dr. Lavelle should be able to count on an important position under Canada's first Fascist Government.

The Impartiality of the Bench

ACCORDING TO news dispatches, Mr. Justice Kingstone, on March 9, delivered from the Supreme Court Bench in London, Ontario, what would, coming from an ordinary mortal, be called a political harangue. Sit-down strikes are "absolutely illegal", he told the grand jury, and strikes are "the law of the jungle". Readers of our article on the Sarnia situation might assume he meant this to refer to the tactics of the strike breakers, but his further remarks make it clear that it was their luckless victims who in the eyes of the learned Justice were the criminals. He was warm in praise of Mr. Hepburn's announcement that sit-downers will not be tolerated in Ontario: "I believe the premier will be supported by every decent and law-abiding person in Ontario. We in Canada should let it be known from the housetops that we will not stand for it. (sic) From what I hear and read, in many cases — recently here in one or two cases — the strikers (sic) are encouraged, if not originated entirely, by paid agitators. I do hope we in Ontario will not do or say anything to lessen the dignity or lower the respect which I know the people of Ontario have for the bench and the judiciary". We can think of nothing more likely to lower the respect of working-class people for the bench than this kind of tub-thumping.

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Is the Sit-Down Strike a Crime?

IN 1934, at Gresford pit in North Wales, 265 miners lost their lives in a colliery disaster. Readers of newspapers at the breakfast table are inclined to dismiss such calamities regretfully as acts of God, but Sir Henry Walker, H.M.'s chief inspector of mines, in this case thought otherwise. His report, presented to the British House of Commons on February 23, 1937, stated as his considered opinion that among the chief causes of the disaster was the fact that the men were working in double shifts in defiance of union rules. Most of them did not belong to the North Wales Miners Union, and the few that did were probably afraid to report working conditions to the union for fear of victimization. "I am of the opinion that all persons working underground in a mine should be members of a trade union."

These words refer only to mines because that was Sir Henry Walker's job, but somehow they remind us of a few of the demands made by the men who on March 1 sat down on strike in the Holmes Foundry at Sarnia: "protection of workmen by partitioning the core room half way up . . . provision of first aid to care for accidents and sickness . . . relief of shake-out men every half hour . . . no discrimination or intimidation of workmen by the company . . . closed shop". They remind us in fact that in modern industry it is not merely wages that are jeopardized by the drive for profits, but life and limb itself. It need not be assumed that any of the directors or shareholders in the Gresford colliery were inhuman men, the sort that would illtreat a child or kick a dog. It need only be assumed that they are what they are — owners of a concern which they rarely visit, and in whose working conditions they never share, but which has to make money somehow by cutting costs. In the Cortaulds plant at Cornwall, Ont., there is one process which renders the workers temporarily blind; to devise protection against it might be a costly business.

Without unions the worker in large scale industry is left literally defenceless, whatever the personal character of his employers may be. No government, not the Soviet itself, could devise such an army of inspectors that their vigilance could replace the direct complaint and action of the workers themselves, who know from immediate experience what the dangers and discomforts of their work are, and have a pretty good idea how they can be remedied. They will be afraid to complain, however, so long as they can be fired for complaining. The only remedy against this is the "closed shop", whereby the workers themselves are given the power in one union with the rest. Middle class people are continually fooled by three complaints made by employers,

that unions interfere with business, that they interfere with the rights of the employees themselves, and that they create antagonism between employers and employees. These three charges are all true, but the community as a whole should view them as matters not of complaint but of congratulations. A union's job is to force the plant to increase costs by granting better working conditions which means interfering with business. Its job is also to secure unanimity among the workers, by coercing minorities; otherwise they would all be in the position of a community where tax paying was voluntary. And lastly, since unions cannot begin to function without costing the employer money, they can be neither organized nor maintained without applying some form of coercion to the employer. Now the only coercion available is either the strike or the threat of one, and this brings us to its latest form, the sit-down.

The two industrial democracies of France and America, otherwise so dissimilar, shared until last year the distinction of being immune to large scale unionization. The craft unions in the American Federation of Labor, as their very name indicates, dealt mainly with the highly skilled who could still be classified by their "craft", and who in fact need the least protection anyway. The last great attempt to unionize mass American labor ended in the abortive steel strike in 1919 and the smashing of the I.W.W. But now, in the first week of March 1937 John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization, setting out with A.F. of L. experience behind it but with a technique and purpose quite different from that of the A.F. of L., has created three precedents in American industrial history. It has obtained recognition and signed agreements, after strikes and threat of strikes, with the automobile industry, with U.S. Steel and subsidiaries, and with the General Electric Co. U. S. Steel had not signed an agreement with any independent union for 45 years, and the newer automobile industry never had. None of these agreements, except one with a steel subsidiary, include as yet the closed shop, and for a time guerilla warfare is likely to develop between the C.I.O. and company unions, but the ultimate issue is scarcely in doubt; the closed shop is coming; the unions have been recognized; and this is historically of far greater importance than the wage increases, which in many cases have been granted already by employers in the hope of staving off unionization.

The coercive technique which finally unionized French industry, and cracked the hard nut of American mass production, was the sit-down strike, employed on the auto assembly lines in Flint and Detroit. Both France and America are being governed by the only progressive democratic govern-

ments that at present exist outside Scandinavia. It is no accident that under their regime the sit-down sprang into being, an outward and visible symbol of the truth which modern industrial conditions are gradually forcing home, that the plant and its machines are by morals and equity as much the property of the men that work them as of the men who draw the dividends. About the sit-down strike four things need to be said clearly and repeatedly. It is a method essentially more peaceful than picketing outside in the street, since it removes any cause for violence in the street. It prevents the companies from hiring strike breakers, fake employees who operate the plant long enough to break a walk out. It makes it impossible to disorganize a strike by arresting pickets on trumped up charges and clapping them temporarily into gaol. And it places the entire responsibility for using violence squarely on the employers and the law.

The law of course can and must use coercive violence to suppress crime. But this means that the sit-down automatically forces the law, the press and public opinion to face the question: Is a strike, and a sit-down strike at that, a crime? It projects the whole moral issue of strikes and unions into the public arena as no other method could. That was why Governor Murphy found it so easy to follow his inclination and refuse to give the Michigan national guard the order to evict. In Ontario, by a curious and tragic coincidence, on the day the C.I.O., under threat of a sit-down, were extracting their first agreement from the General Electric Company of the U.S., some hundred sit-downers in a foundry in Sarnia were being beaten up and thrown out of the plant. The police were afraid to do this thing themselves, in itself an eloquent admission of what the authorities think public opinion in Ontario may be on this issue once it is aroused. But if they had, the only conceivable statute under which they could have operated was the one covering petty trespass, designed to keep the public from wandering in private parks and property, and never intended to cover employees working in a plant. To apply it to modern industrial conditions is to stretch the law far beyond its original intent. This often happens, but only if public opinion acquiesces in the stretch. The sit-down strike in fact forces us all to face the question: Is a factory with its machines the private property of its directors and shareholders in the same sense as a private house? Or have those who work the machines and normally occupy the factory and depend on it for their livelihood not got some occupational rights at least comparable with those of the titular owners? The general public need not waste time deciding whether sit-down strikes are legal. The law can safely be trusted to stretch or contract to suit public opinion. That opinion, whatever emi-

nent justices or the provincial premier may say, has first to decide whether the sit-down strike is a crime against society, or rather a weapon for society's salvation.

WHAT HAPPENED

THE Holmes Foundry on the edge of Sarnia is an American subsidiary controlled by a Port Huron firm; it makes engine blocks for the Ford Motor Co., and for this purpose employed some 375 men, of whom some 300, until Wednesday, March 3, happened to be Europeans with funny names like Tomko and Finko and Pipliki. The employees, under the impression that business was good and getting better, sent a shop committee to the management with such extravagant demands as an increase in pay, decent toilet accommodation, and union recognition. The management, proving equal to the emergency, granted an increase in the weekly wage rate and then proceeded to step up the schedule of required work for the week, the net result of this ingenuity being an actual reduction in the hourly rate. Then men discovered the trick, but their protests were fruitless, and so, on Monday, March 1, they called a sit-down strike.

By Tuesday evening another group in Sarnia were also sitting down, the place this time being a restaurant appropriately, named Smoky Joe's. The purpose of this party turned out to be a plan for raiding the factory next day and chasing out the "Hunkies" in order to give nice clean Canadians their jobs. A few of them were ex-employees; the majority were not. The management "had heard rumors" of this conclave; indeed, cross-examination revealed that the foreman and four others had been given typed foolscap sheets with the names and addresses of all the party on them, and told to visit these men during the night. Five cars were provided for this purpose by the management, with two men per car. The foreman, queried as to the motive of this visitation, testified on the witness stand that they were supposed to carry around the news that the management did not want violence. He had gone around in one of the cars with a mate; the mate had done the visiting, while he stayed in the car. Had he bothered to ask his mate whether any attention was paid to his exhortations for peace? Well no, he couldn't say he had; they had just gone on from house to house.

Anyway, by next morning, the group that had dined at Smoky Joe's had assembled itself once more on a vacant lot one and a half blocks from the foundry. After arming themselves with axes, iron bars and rods, they advanced. The battle cry was raised "Let's turn these Hunkies out and get their jobs," and the fray began, the foreman being on

hand at the doorway to distribute another exhortation, this time in the form of mimeographed sheets obligingly provided by the management, which "sincerely hoped" these new candidates for employment would not use violence. Perhaps they did not have time to read them; perhaps it was a pity the foreman hadn't walked a block with his literature beforehand. Anyway, after two hours, two sit-downers were near death, one having been forced off the roof, and four more also in hospital beds. As for the rest, when at the trial four days later the foreman was asked to identify some of them, he couldn't do it: they were too disfigured. "Will you please have him talk, so I can recognize his voice," was his frequent request.

Such was the cost of ending a sit-down strike in the Holmes Foundry in Sarnia on Wednesday, March 3, 1937. As for the army of occupation, widely advertised as "contented employees", they have unfortunately turned out to be new recruits. The plant manager testified on the stand that most of them, as they marched their victims out of the plant at the end of the fight, were men he did not know. So production, according to press reports, has had to drop while they learn their jobs. But the Holmes Co. probably figures it was worth it; the union was smashed.

So much for the plant and its employees, old and new. But where in all this was the mighty engine of law and order? Where were the police? Had the plant management, having heard rumors of the plot at Smokey Joe's, taken any steps to inform the authorities? Well, the plant manager thought they had; at least, he had left the police end of it to be handled by the company counsel, a Mr. Dawson, K.C., (also a director), with whom, so it transpired in testimony, he had been in consultation on the day before the riot. When the riot itself began, sure enough there were the Sarnia police, on the opposite side of the road; they could not cross it because the plant itself was in the adjacent municipality of Point Edward, which possesses one policeman, and as the chief subsequently explained in an interview in the London Free Press "if we had crossed over it would have affected our insurance policies". However, they somehow managed to "direct traffic and so on" (plant manager testifying in court) on this same road right through the riot, and then, gallant fellows, still properly insured, and without a button missing, were able to receive the beaten and disfigured strikers and cart them off to gaol. The only indictable offence under which the criminal sit-downers could conceivably be charged was petty trespass, maximum fine ten dollars. In the event, only one of them was fined even this amount, the rest being dismissed on suspended sentence. But they were first held three days in gaol, without bail

and incommunicado, and hospital cases, after trial was all over, were, on release from hospital, clapped into gaol too, just to make sure they all got their three days.

Since the trial the sit-downers have not found it advisable to appear too much in public on the street; they might get another beating, just to discourage them from any such foolish notion as laying charges of common assault with the crown attorney. There is no protection for them in Sarnia; they are "Hunkies", or at least most of them, and they all of them committed the crime of trying to organize a union. The union organizer, a "foreign agitator" who turned out to be a man named Montgomery from Hamilton, Canadian born, and a disabled war veteran, was beaten up and then run out of town on the day of the riot. The police chief noticed some men "milling around" but didn't think it important; no doubt he was thinking of that insurance policy again.

When it was all over, the bones broken and the homes smashed up (some of the strikers report the discovery that when rooms were searched while they were in gaol, their savings were stolen), then the press and the public men pronounced the benediction. In some ways this was the most horrible part of the whole affair. The new employees, axes raised in their hands, were posed in the plant for their newspaper pictures, just to show the general public how to split a striker's head clean open. On behalf of bench and bar Mr. Justice Kingstone, addressing a grand jury at London, declared sit-down strikes to be an illegal menace which must be stamped out. The prime minister, on behalf of the province, announced they would not be tolerated in Ontario; as for himself, he "had more or less sympathy"—not for the battered victims, nor the two near death—but for the men who had done this.

If, therefore, any man dare to think of sitting down at the machine he tends and just staying there to protest his lot—let him beware. He is violating law and order in the province of Ontario. But law and order will not deal directly with him; the task is too grubby. Law and order will temporarily abdicate, while a gang of unemployed are organized, with the connivance of the plant concerned, to knock him senseless and take his job. Then law and order will revive and receive the remnants of him into gaol.

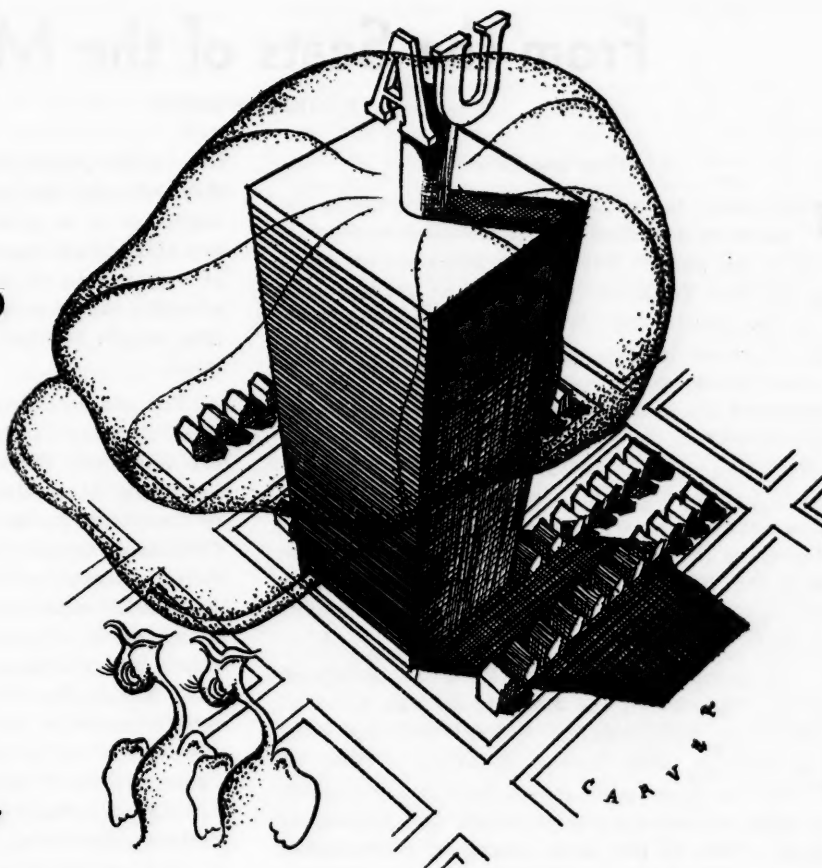
We predict that the time will come when Sarnia, and Ontario, and all Canada, will remember what happened at Sarnia on Wednesday, March 3, 1937, and be ashamed of it. But that time is not yet.

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SKYSCRAPER

REPOSSESSED

Humphrey Carver



TS SKELETON haunted the sky for seven years. For eighty months a truncated torso stood silhouetted against the stars, its limbs bleached in the July sun, swept by the October winds. Construction work abandoned seven years ago Tuesday. Empty floors and bare passages echoed only with banging of unhinged doors, drip-dropping from lean girders where would have been the roof. Shreds of canvas flapped and dangled against a wall like corpses. No footsteps. Visited only by broken spirits of unlucky brokers and disillusioned money-dabblers.

For seven lonely years the starveling skyscraper stuck itself up like a scarecrow in the heart of the metropolis, an awful reminder of the ante-climax to a period of reckless ambition. Pillar of bitter tragedy. Something like this happened to Lot's wife.

On upper windswept floors flotsam of the air had been taken by the eddies and deposited in corners. Fragments of newspapers. News of film stars long since forgotten, of fortunes subsequently dissipated. Pictures of grinning athletes and satisfied executives. Details of pretty ceremonies and marriages blithely undertaken seven years ago.

Among the hastily abandoned girders starlings

fluttered and chattered. On the bare lattice-work of the twentieth floor a family was raised each year in the homely comfort of a cloth cap, left behind the afternoon men had been called off the job. (The owner of the cap, walking the streets to the relief depot, had often paused in his daily pilgrimage, looked up and wondered if it still lay where he had thrown it that bitter afternoon).

And now the cautionary landmark has been clothed in decent masonry. Its face has been lifted; no longer hanging a forlorn head it condescendingly looks down upon hastening throngs that chase through streets in shining cars with bright red license plates. It is Spring and 1937.

Where the starlings used to chatter are now fluttering stenographers adorned with decorative costumes. On the twentieth floor the youthful directors of the April Mining Syndicate put their feet up on the polished mahogany, stroke their tentative moustaches and give alcoholic honours to the golden fruits of the earth. The sun is shining again.

(On his way to collect weekly fragments of bread and meat a haggard man looks up into the dazzling sky, towards the twentieth floor. Wonders what they did with his old cloth cap).

From the Seats of the Mighty

EUGENE FORSEY

II—Dives and Lazarus

THE drive to cut down relief and reduce the wages of unskilled and semi-skilled workers is now in full swing. Our modern Dives has improved on his New Testament prototype: he grudges Lazarus the crumbs and libels him for accepting them. We all remember the exploits in this respect of a certain pious textile manufacturer who last spring expressed his horror at some unemployed drawing government money "to which they were not entitled", and whose company, a few months later, was found to have underpaid its income by hundreds of thousands over a period of many years. Whether he was alone in underpaying his taxes remains to be seen; that he was not alone in his virtuous indignation against the unemployed is, however, now quite evident.

On January 27, a leading Canadian newspaper (which I shall call the M) published an editorial, "What the Dole Does?". Noting first that relief figures were rising instead of falling, it observed, "There can be no other reason than that the system is being abused upon a wholesale and widespread scale". The M has never heard of technological change. It then took up Mr. Purvis' reputed statement that "the unskilled and semi-skilled worker, representing some 50 percent of those on relief, is able under prevailing wage rates frequently to do better by remaining on relief than by going to work, assuming that he has a large family to support". Mr. Purvis had added that in these circumstances, "practically minded persons cannot be expected to go off relief". The M's comment is, "The words 'practically minded' might, with accuracy, be replaced by a more appropriate if less euphemious (sic) term. Men who will not work for their living when work is available are not worth having as citizens. They represent the element which has made unemployment a profession. But there is something wrong with a system which permits such men to live upon the state, that is to say, upon money exacted from the working population through exceedingly heavy taxation." (The M calls the proposed new defence expenditures of \$36,395,000 "a good beginning". Dominion expenditure for direct relief last year was about \$29,000,000.) Mr. Purvis had suggested that "employers should study immediately the possibilities" of raising the wages of the unskilled and semi-skilled. The M says, "Perhaps the safer way in seeking a corrective would be through a downward revision of relief payments, at least to a point which would render employment more attrac-

tive to the 'practically minded' workers, that is to those who are idle by preference, than it is now. It ought not to be possible under a relief system for any able-bodied class to live comfortably in idleness at the expense of more industrious classes." The situation can be remedied "by maintaining a reasonable margin between relief and the industrial wage level".

The late president of the M was a director of the Steel Company of Canada, the Montreal Trust Co., the Guarantee Co. of North America, the Canada Steamship Lines, Dominion Engineering (subsidiary of Dominion Bridge), International Paper, Anglo-Canadian Paper; a member of the Mount Royal, St. James, Rideau and Caledonian Clubs. "Who's Who in Canada" sums him up as "a good all-round business man" O. Citizen". He was unmarried. In the city in which he lived, a single unemployed man gets \$1.80 a week for food and clothing, \$1.38 for rent, an allowance for his light bill, and a percentage of his doctor's and druggist's bills. I wonder how the "good all-round business man" would have liked "living comfortably in idleness" on \$3.18 a week plus certain allowances.

The M specializes in a "religious" editorial every Saturday. On January 30, the subject was "The New Earth", the text "And I, John, saw the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven".

Another exponent of the same gentle humanitarianism, apparently, is the X, leading financial weekly. In its issue of February 6, it carried, on the front page of its second section, a signed special article under the flaring red headline, "How Rackets Boost Canada's Relief Bill". After recapitulating some of the figures given by the Labour Gazette, the writer gets down to his real point with the sub-heading, "It Pays to be Idle". Then come examples of relief scales in Winnipeg, Calgary and Windsor. The prize exhibit is the Winnipeg rate for a family of nine: \$91.55 a month. The allowance for food is \$39.85, or \$4.43 each for clothing and footwear, \$5.76, or 64c each. "In addition all heads of families are entitled to casual earnings to the amount of \$10 monthly . . . The head of a large family may thus with a few odd jobs receive over \$100 a month. If he has several children attending school the cost of education—to which as an unemployed man he contributes nothing—may run to several hundred dollars a year additional. Such a man, without lifting a finger," (What about those "odd jobs?") "may be obtaining the equivalent of \$1,500 a year in relief

... Since the average weekly wage in some Canadian industries ranges between \$14 and \$18, the above scales are evidently in many cases substantially more than the head of the household could hope to secure from being steadily employed . . . Many families must be living better and getting more medical and dental care than ever before in their lives."

I have heard some scorching denunciations of capitalism, but I have never heard anything to equal that.

"The high relief scales in some of the larger centres", the writer goes on, "have unquestionably drawn large numbers in from outlying municipalities and from the country." To illustrate, he quotes an instance of a Winnipeg unemployed family, "taken from the relief rolls and given a start in the country under the '\$1,000 scheme'," which arrived back in Winnipeg, preferring to go on relief again. In other words, the unemployed refuse to starve quietly in the country. They would rather come back to the city, where they can at least make themselves heard. Inexplicable preference! Singular ingratitude to those who would isolate them from "agitators", who might put into their heads the "subversive" idea that unemployment and poverty are the result of capitalism and can be eliminated by replacing capitalism by socialism.

The president of the company which publishes the X controls over a dozen papers of one kind or another. He belongs to the following clubs: York, Toronto, Toronto Hunt, Eglinton Hunt, St. Maurice Fish and Game (Quebec). Everglades (Palm Beach). He is married, but has no children. I wonder how he would enjoy living on those "high" and "attractive" relief rates.

CRIME CLUB

LET US RECALL some of the more printable testimony made at this month's investigation of the Guelph Reformatory riot. We spend anywhere between \$1.14 and \$4.43 a day on each of the 3,124 men in Canadian reformatories and we ought to know just how many we're likely to reform.

1. DISCIPLINE: Supt. Heaslip admitted that disciplinary severity was the chief cause of the riot. A 15-year-old was accused of a minor breach of rules, the superintendent refused to listen to his plea of innocence, he was awarded six strokes of a broad strap (with holes in it to break the skin) and given nine. A father was not allowed to have his daughter's picture in his cell. Tobacco was refused all prisoners except those friendly with guards. "If a guard finds fault and you reply, it is plain insolence; if you don't reply, that is dumb insolence; and if you look away it is silent contempt." Another 15-year-old was made to sleep on a cold cell floor with one blanket below and one above.

2. FOOD: Prisoners say meat scraps were saved for a week, until green and glazed, then made into pie. Officials

admit that grease and dirt accumulate in the cracks of the aluminum plates.

3. SANITATION: One man got his first clean blankets eight months after he entered. The teeth of a 16-year-old went unfixed because the prisoner lacked the \$20. One shaving mug, one piece of soap, one shaving brush for each dormitory of 36 (some of whom had skin diseases). And parcels containing extra soap are not allowed in to prisoners. Each gets a clothing bundle once a week, regardless of his size, and must exchange with other prisoners. Heaslip admits sleeping accommodations overcrowded. Two tuberculars employed in the kitchen and one in the abbatoir.

4. DRUGS AND PERVERSION: Dopesters and alcoholics are given no preliminary curative isolation but are sent down at once to the prison, where they continue to secure drugs and suggest the practice to others. At present, a Kingston convict is on trial for murder and his defence counsel pleads mental incompetency from drug-habit actually acquired while in prison. Morons and pervers are not isolated, are given no mental treatment. On March 1st, that is, since the riot, a judge sent a pervert down to Guelph with the remark that he "must be of unbalanced mind". Prisoners testified plentifully to the forcing of weaker into sex perversions by the tougher.

5. WORK AND EDUCATION: A priest remarked: "I would rather do 30 days than read some of the books in the prison library". An ex-teacher of Kingston convicts said that school classes were held at noon, so that anyone attending missed his lunch. In Guelph the accommodation in the school is for 50, but 300 of the convict inmates have not passed entrance examinations. A 17-year-old, who wanted to learn a trade, was kept on the bull-gang because he was husky, and a negro. A 16-year-old had been 10 months on the bull-gang. "Has anyone in the institution ever asked you what kind of work you want to follow when you leave?" "No". A 15-year-old on the bull-gang had his barrow repeatedly loaded beyond his strength to lift, by a spiteful guard. The guard denied this. An ex-guard said "there are officers in this institution who would swear a hole in the bottom of an iron pot".

6. FUTURE: One man got a job, after discharge, in the House of Providence, 12 hours daily, \$2 a week . . . He quit because his employers were continually reminding him of his prison record . . . Other old offenders had been discharged without money or with money to last only a week, had been boycotted by employers and starved back into crime. Those who have no job to go to are often therefore held in the prison until the end of their indefinite sentence, despite good conduct record.

Judge Madden has recommended one major reform (single cells for each prisoner), a few minor improvements in sanitation, education, paroling. He has also advised judges to give more lashes and, in effect, longer terms; suggested the dismissal of two guards and whitewashed their seniors; urged the uglifying of the "reformatory" grounds, further punishments for riot leaders, guns for the guards and lessons in shooting straight. While other Canadian prisons await further riots and expensive probes, Guelph convicts will continue to emerge trained by violence, into a Canada which in any case has no peaceful jobs to offer them.

RUFUS.

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Health Insurance in British Columbia

H. F. ANGUS

THE HEALTH INSURANCE ACT enacted in April, 1936, by the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia was to have taken effect by making certain people insured persons as from a date to be fixed by the Health Insurance Commission and approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. The day was duly fixed for March 1, 1937, but it has now been indefinitely postponed and it is quite possible that the entire Act may be drastically revised. There is a good deal to be learnt from this unusual procedure.

The draft bill which was published in March, 1935, was a very comprehensive measure which went far beyond what is ordinarily understood by insurance. The commission to be set up under the Act was authorized to bring within its scope not only all employees in the province receiving less than \$200 a month and their dependents, but all other persons with incomes not exceeding that amount who might apply for insurance and the dependents of these persons; all persons, irrespective of income, who were resident in a rural municipality and their dependents resident in the province; and finally all indigent persons resident in British Columbia for two consecutive years preceding registration.

This was a very bold measure, for the provincial finances were not in good condition in 1935 and only by straining ordinary language could the budget be described as balanced. The plan, though comprehensive, had to be self-supporting and therefore had to be, in some respects, cheap and nasty. There was no repetition of Lloyd George's 9 pence for 4 pence. As wages were below normal it was to be expected that employees would be highly sensitive to the contemplated assessments which might amount to as much as 3 per cent. of their wages. As industrial profits were in some cases non-existent and in others very low, it was equally clear that employers as a class would be more than ordinarily suspicious of a new levy which might be as high as 2 per cent. of their wages bill. Taxpayers shuddered at the thought of new burdens and had to be soothed by being told that these would be negligible. And the medical profession was insistent on adequate remuneration and congenial conditions of work for its members.

The bill was submitted to public discussion before it was presented to the Legislative Assembly. Hearings were held at 18 points in the province and no fewer than 139 organizations and individuals presented briefs. As a result of this discussion substantial alterations were made in the proposed mea-

sure. Cash benefits were entirely excluded. Other benefits were limited to "essential medical services". As a concession to the medical profession, employees with incomes in excess of \$1,800 a year were excluded from the Act. As a concession to employees their contributions were limited to 2 per cent. of their wages, subject to the proviso that no contribution was to be less than 35 cents per contribution week or more than 70 cents. The employers received an even more important concession, for their contribution was reduced to 1 per cent. of their wages bill, with the proviso that it was not to be less than 20 cents and not more than 35 cents a week for any one employee. A source of dispute between doctors and taxpayers was dealt with by eliminating indigent persons from the benefits of the Act.

The nature of the dispute requires an explanation. Just as the medical profession was very hostile to the inclusion in the Act, except in respect of hospitalization, of persons with incomes in excess of \$1,500 a year, it was decidedly favorable to the inclusion of indigents if the government were prepared to pay the same premiums for them as were to be collected from other insured persons. But this arrangement would have transferred to the shoulders of the taxpayers a burden (generously estimated by the doctors at \$1,000,000 a year), which the medical profession says it is bearing under present conditions but which most people believe to be shifted, in part at least, to the shoulders of solvent patients. The draft bill contemplated that in the case of indigents the doctors should work for half rates, so that the government's contribution would not be substantially greater than that which it is now making.

The revised bill satisfied no one and an apparent result of the democratic experiment in public discussion was to make every group peculiarly conscious of its own interests and of the conflict between these and the interests of other groups. There ensued, therefore, not a united effort to relieve human suffering but a period of intensive bargaining in which each group played for its own hand and played hard.

The taxpayers were lucky for the moment, in being represented by a government which seemed reasonably close to insolvency. They had the strongest position and lost very little. The wage-earners made the very legitimate point that the better paid among them were being compelled to contribute to provide medical benefits for the worse paid, but that this obligation was never imposed on incomes

derived from ownership, or on earned incomes which exceeded \$1,800 a year. Even within this group there were many cases which could, without much exaggeration, be denounced as injustices. Those without dependents paid as much as those with many dependents. The contributions of spinsters were to be used to refinance not only the medical care of children, but even the maternity benefits of married women, while richer spinsters escaped this irritating obligation. The spinsters did not matter much for unlike the doctors they are not syndicated. But to many it seemed logical to contend that under an insurance plan the premium should be proportioned to the coverage, and that in a co-operative plan (like free education) the cost should be diffused in accordance with some idea of tax-bearing capacity.

Employers as a class disliked the bill. They argued that it raised their costs so as to put them at a competitive disadvantage (to the extent of 1 per cent. of their wages bill). They wished at least for a federal scheme which would apply equally to their competitors in Canada. They were quite impatient of the suggestion that in a period of rising wages, which seemed likely to occur, and which has actually occurred, the 1 per cent. might in the course of the wage bargain be shifted to the employee, and that in the long run industrial costs would be lowered if employees as a class bought their medical services cheaply, exactly as they would be lowered if employees bought their food cheaply. Nor were they sensitive to the suggestion that their foreign competitors for the most part paid health insurance contributions, and that British Columbian exports might be said to constitute the sort of social dumping with which the Japanese are sometimes reproached. The issue seemed quite simple, a 1 per cent. levy was a 1 per cent. tax and would for all time appear as an expense.

To a neutral spectator it was not apparent where the doctors' real interests lay. No wage-earner wants to exploit or under-pay a doctor or any other worker, and it might well be argued that if the proposed rates of remuneration involved an initial hardship it would be quickly and willingly removed. Once a start was made the overwhelming probability was that indigents, who number about 100,000, would be brought under the plan on reasonable terms. On the other hand it may have seemed imprudent to take any risks at all, and symptomatic of weakness to withdraw from the position recorded in the brief submitted to the committee in 1935. In the course of its secular struggles with meddlesome laymen, some of whom, like Louis Pasteur and Sir Herbert Barker, it has been unable to silence, the profession has acquired an obstinacy in rearguard actions that would do credit to the highest military

traditions. At any rate the doctors opposed the revised bill.

However, democracy is democracy and party discipline is party discipline. The Health Insurance Act became law. The Commission was set up. Preparations were made to collect contributions. A zero hour was set.

The doctors were persistent. They continued to press the government to postpone the operation of the Act. While they professed a belief in health insurance, provided that the plan conformed to their ideas they ultimately refused to work on the terms offered by the Commission.

It is not easy to appraise the attitude of the general public toward the doctors' stand. The employers joined in wishing the bill postponed although in a way their alliance with the medical profession was unholy, for they were asking for a cheaper plan and the doctors for a more expensive one. Many of the groups with special grievances — and as the plan was a compromise, these groups were numerous — joined this opposition. The public at large did not follow the elaborate arithmetical calculations of either doctors or Commission and were not certain whether the doctors were being offered too much or too little. Many people took sides from curious motives. Some who had been presented with a bill they thought excessive took sides against the medical profession, and so did others who thought that doctors kept patients in hospital for their own convenience, or who had heard and believed some scandalous story of medical incompetence. There were others who liked the doctors they knew but hated the profession as such. Some enjoyed the rare delight of diagnosing the doctors and interpreting the heat of debate as symptomatic of a neurosis ill-becoming those who hold our lives in their hands, and who can certify the insane. Those who were ironically inclined muttered "Physician heal thyself". Others, legalistically minded, pointed out that for a trade union to bargain for rates of pay and conditions of work was wholly reasonable, but that a syndicalistic dictation of policy (analogous to a claim by typesetters to censor an editorial or to a refusal by railway men to move munitions of war) was a bad example for a learned bourgeois profession to set its less erudite proletarian brethren, who are confirmed by it in their suspicion that all human behaviour can be explained by economic interest.

The position of the government is difficult. An election cannot be postponed for long and neither an unworkable Act nor a suspended Act is a desirable electoral asset. No doubt it would be fairly easy to coerce the medical profession. A threat to include the higher income groups might suffice. A tax to be imposed on those refusing to work under

the Act might be the next turn of the screw. A threat to yield to the demands for recognizing osteopaths and chiropractors might follow. But a government can resort to such devices only if it is sure of electoral support and although in health insurance matters a parliamentary "majorité de rechange" might be furnished by the C.C.F. the government's

ambition is to defeat the C.C.F. in the forthcoming elections.

So the immediate action has been postponement and reconsideration. Everybody wants Health Insurance if he can have it on more attractive terms, and there is general dissatisfaction with the present compromise measure. It is politically awkward to have to break the sad news to the taxpayers.

Clench the Fist and Smash the Party

MARVIN B. GELBER

THE APPARENT SUCCESS of the Popular Front in France has given rise to an agitation for the cementing of similar relationships in most of the countries of the Western World. It has united in a common hatred to tyranny all elements from the frightened bourgeoisie to the revolutionary Marxists, who hope to improve on the experience of the unhappy Communards of 1870.

The Popular Front can still call forth a wealth of enthusiasm. It is young. It has achieved power in at least two of the leading European countries and has scarcely had time to make great mistakes. But whether the history of contemporary Spain is a vindication of the movement, or is a terrible indictment of the price in human suffering that such an alliance can entail—sufficient to say, that the cause of liberty which it has championed has inspired a heroic and revolutionary resurgimento. The Popular Front is most assuredly popular.

But the success of the movement in certain of the Latin countries of Western Europe does not immediately prove the desirability of such alignments elsewhere. It is necessary to examine minutely the complex of social forces in each country individually. The advocates of unity have allowed their enthusiasms to obscure certain basic realities that might render a united front dangerous, when exposed to the rigours of political life in regions remote from its native habitat.

I.

The initial breach in the socialist front was brought about by the withdrawal of the revolutionary Marxists from the Second International. The Bolsheviks not only set up a competitive organization in order to achieve a more disciplined and effective party machine, but the followers of moderate socialism were exposed, denounced and smashed, where possible. The charge of "social fascism" of three or four years ago was the logical culmination of the bitter strife that helped to exhaust the forces of the Left. This very disintegration of the socialist offensive contributed to the rise

of fascism in the heart of Europe. The Popular Front is a truce that has submerged the stupid wrangling and has allowed the recently won Left majority to undermine the power of reactionary France.

As for the future, it is problematical whether the alliance will endure. The bitterness of past conflicts can only die if the Communists have changed their outlook sufficiently to regard their moderate confrères as more than faithless, class collaborators. Only then can the fatal, competitive race for leadership of progressive elements in society be subdued and the basis of true unity matured.

A grave responsibility rests with those who chose to divide the forces of social progress. The hatred, distrust and terror must have been born of a firm conviction. A world outlook that taught such relentless persecution of one's fellows must have been precise in its prejudices and messianic in its appeal. All else must have assumed trivial proportions and faded into that same obscurity for which the effete bourgeois society was foreordained.

To the revolutionaries, the socialists of democratic persuasion appeared as mere saccharine apologists for reaction. They were dissipating the powerful, subconscious impulses of the masses and leading them along the road of social frustration. It remained for the party of unspoiled Marxism to expose the false-prophets and to canalize the social impulses into correct and healthy revolutionary expression.

The choice must have been obvious and impelling. The distinction must have been precise. The situation was most certainly fateful. And then came Hitler.

II.

Revolutionary Marxism is based on several clear-cut notions. It is axiomatic that the economy of competitive capitalism must inevitably collapse. In the struggle between the mass of the disinherited and the capitalists classes must polarize. The owners of property will not bequeath their power to an

awakened people without a sharp and well organized struggle. Not in the Duma, the Reichstag, the Chamber of Deputies, the Houses of Commons or Representatives is the fateful issue decided, but in the streets, behind the barricades. Advocates of gradualism, reformism, compromise and parliamentary revolution are merely procrastinators, who allow the classes of despotism a breathing spell in which to consolidate their position. History is on the side of the well organized revolution. All power to the Soviets!

Now there was something about this kind of talk that proved very disconcerting to the middle classes. But the revolutionary Marxists were so completely convinced that the decay of capitalism would inevitably result in the bulk of the middle class becoming proletarians that they were not very much concerned. They were sure that the mass of the people under capitalism were doomed to the status of paupers and would soon become disabused of their bourgeois illusions.

The rise of Hitlerism has shown the revolutionaries that they were not such good students of mass psychology. Frightened by the lack of respectability on the extreme left, portions of the middle class sought refuge in the disrespectful insolence of the right.

The advent of Fascism has at last aroused the Marxists from their cabalistic configurations with millenium. The Communist party has become passionately respectable. It no longer believes that compromise is the road to social Fascism. Democracy has ceased to be a facade for capitalist reaction. It suddenly represents the real triumphs of the democratic masses. It means freedom wrested from the tyrants. It must be defended at all costs. Those civil, religious and political liberties that have been established are no longer snares for immature and groping multitudes. Nationalism-cum-liberalism-plus-socialism is the slogan of the parvenu democrats in their struggle for respectability.

The danger in this new position is not so much that the Communist Party has become more obviously cynical, but that the change in point of view has not kept up with the strategical retreat. Thus, the party is sufficiently wise to wish to embrace the parties of liberalism and socialism, but still so completely enamoured of the school of Russian orthodoxy as to want to smother them in that embrace.

The title of this article has been suggested by just such a situation which has developed in Canada. The Communist Party has become so anxious to effect a united front with the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation that it has sent agents provocateurs into the party ranks to ensure its distintegration. Many units in the C.C.F. have been paralyzed by this exuberant affection. Through constant, deli-

berate and well organized sabotage, a small minority can easily upset the machinery of a democratic party. Such activity would be impossible under the autocracy of their own organizational dictatorship—at least in Canada, if not in Russia.

The Communist International must still be regarded with suspicion by all true democrats. Neither the change in the fundamental preconceptions of the party, nor the notorious behaviour of many national units warrant any such naive acceptance of the protestations at their full face value.

III.

Revolutionary Marxism has certainly not surrendered its fervid belief in the early and inevitable collapse of the capitalist economy. The world proletariat has been warned since 1848 that it was standing on the salvational threshold. The notion that society must necessarily become aligned in two mutually exclusive armed camps has not been discarded. And talk of the impelling need for a ruthless, class dictatorship has only been pushed into the background because the enemies of Communism have not the same shrewd insight for strategical advantage as have the hard-headed friends of sovietism.

Liberals do not believe in inevitable history. They are not fascinated by the dialectical speculations of the fortune-tellers. The inner contradictions of capitalism may easily result in the eventual collapse of the system. The final day of judgment may be remote or near. But those who are convinced of the armed-camp theory of social development and set about to prepare for the struggle are only making the crisis more likely. Communism has always been a stimulus for fascism because it teaches that there is no third alternative.

The future of capitalism will depend less on the little it has contributed to moral uplift than on the remarkable recuperative powers it has displayed. And as long as it can produce economic surpluses there will exist comfortable limitations to the tendency for the polarization of classes. All the frantic calculations of the Marxists notwithstanding, as long as the economy is relatively prosperous and a certain mobility of classes is ensured, the day of reckoning will be postponed.

There is a great danger in persistent, catastrophic reckoning. Those who insist that we are constantly standing on the brink of the deluge are warping the social consciousness. Man can no more build his entire existence in the shadow of the fear of fascism and hope to remain creatively happy, than he can dare to live every moment conscious of death. Only when reasonable people are aware of an imminent threat of death are major strokes of policy imperative. Communism is just such a crisis philosophy.

The moderates not only wish to strengthen democracy, but they have faith in the potentialities of the liberal state. They have told the impatient extremists for many a year that those who help to undermine the bases of the democratic system are gambling on the ultimate triumph of the democratic parties. Their claim has been vindicated that the eventual struggle for power is more likely to enthrone the reaction than the henchmen of progressive socialism. In the post-war history of Europe this position has been tragically realized.

IV.

And now, without considering the question of ultimate objectives, we might examine the Popular Front purely as a technique in the present. In France, it has been significantly successful. It has been built, for the main part, on three important political parties. The struggle for power was short and triumphant. The crucial middle classes were introduced into an alliance of which they were one of the dominant pillars. There was no question of becoming an instrument for communist intrigue.

In North America there is no such basis for union founded on social forces that have already matured. A united front would have to grow as an organic entity. No matter what the pretenses of individual representation. Its effectiveness as a fait accompli on the verge of power would be lost. In a prolonged struggle the final result would not be as obvious as in the case of France. The middle classes would no longer be the architects of the alliance. They would have to be wooed and possibly lost. The revolutionary Marxists are prepared to take that chance because they alone view the final struggle as inevitable.

Who are to be the parties to this great confederacy in Canada and in the United States? Certainly the 50,000 votes for Mr. Earl Browder and the 100,000 for Mr. Norman Thomas in the last American election do not suggest an imposing array. This does not denote a mature political basis after the many years of the worst economic depression to which capitalism has been subjected. In Canada, the Progressives obtained the second largest parliamentary representation in the federal election of 1921. This ground, which was later lost, is a possible area for C.C.F. expansion. But any alliance with the Communist Party would immediately doom the socialist federation to the same political obscurity which the Marxists have rightfully earned for themselves. As for the Liberals, there is no counterpart for the Radical Socialist Party of France that would consider an agreement with even respectable Marxists. Thus, the only ones standing to gain by such a venture would be those on the extreme Left. They have already demonstrated their reliability in their

attempt to undermine the present leadership of the C.C.F.

North America is not prepared for a Popular Front and the Communists are today neither important nor necessary in building an opposition to fascism. The crucial areas of expansion are to the right of socialism and not to the left. That trust, out of which alone true unity can grow, will be born on the day when the rulers of the Soviet Union relent in their ruthless persecution of liberals and socialists at home.

La Dollabella

Guess not from her untroubled face
How fresh from every man's embrace
she comes, from her unclouded eye
how late she's lain on many a thigh
or closely clasped on many a breast
of saint or sinner, yet confessed
she sits a fair outrageous whore
and loved alike by rich and poor.
About her flies the verdant breeze;
like fasces rest cross her knees
the tools of man's laborious pain
lashed strong to strike him down again.
Yet here's to her and here's to thee.
Heaven grant us oft to meet as three.
We'll sit and talk and make good cheer
and she shall fetch the foaming beer.
For be she cruel or be she kind
With power to loose and power to bind
Man cannot but adore her still
Our Lady on the dollar bill!

Aquarius.



Satires From Science

1. The Processionary or Pine Caterpillar.

Help me honour, Muse divine,
The Caterpillar of the Pine:
Help me praise its form continuous,
Slender, soft, seductive, sinuous;
Help me, to my satisfaction,
Sing its easy grace in action;
Help me paint its lovely hues,
Many as Joseph's of the Jews;
Help me celebrate its quiet,
Unassuming Shavian diet;
Help me, ere I close my lyric
Vein, and open my satiric,
Hymn its calm, unruffled temper,
Morn and eve eadem semper.

Against the winter, when the snow
Will weigh the burdened branches low,
The caterpillars of our story
Seek the pine tree's crowning glory.
There, at instinct's wise behest
They build a snug communal nest
In which they sleep in peace together,
Victors over wind and weather,
Demanding none his private stall
Where all's for each and each for all
When their gastric juices flow
They seek the needled sprays below
And, having dined, their way they thread
Through pine needles, back to bed.
Thus united, free from strife,
They live a lotos-eater's life.

Help me, Muse, to find expression
For their method of progression.
Led by one that's out before
The rest, because he's next the door,
One by one, not helter-skelter,
Slow they leave their lofty shelter.
The caterpillar in the van
Spins a thread to guide the clan:
Touching the leader with its head
And marching on the leader's thread,
The second adds another strand
Of silk to guide the moving band:
So the third, by instinct beckoned,
Pushing with its head the second,
Moves along a double thread
And adds one more the fourth will tread.
On they go, then, single file,
Dribbling silken threads the while,
Moving coupled, front to back,
Like cars upon a railroad track;
Marching on, without a care,
They know not why, they know not where,
Save that their intestines holla:
"Follow! Follow! Follow! Follow!"
Some years ago, the Frenchman, Fabre,
Led them on a danse macabre.
Loafing, engaged in contemplation,
He saw these insects in migration,
And straightway gave his full attention
To tampering with the strange convention.
Time and time again he tried

To lure them up a vase's side,
The notion having come to him
That once he had them on the rim
They might, with some persuasion, deign
To circle in an endless chain.
Standing by, then, waiting, hoping,
He watched the leader weaving, groping.

See! The leader leaves the ground!
He's on the rim! He's going round!
And following, in due succession,
Circles the solemn, slow procession,
Until the leader stands upon
The place at which he first climbed on.
The watcher now, without delay,
The ones ascending whisks away,
And snips the silk band from the edge
To stop all traffic from the ledge,
Leaving above a chain complete
Of insects with the Many Feet.
Here—the honest truth I speak—
They moved in circles near a week.
At times, of course, the army faltered,
Paused, broke line, hesitated, halted,
Missing their needles, missing their rest,
Missing their cosy, silken nest.
How green seemed now their wonted fare!
How perfect their forsaken lair!
How luscious the plates of greenery!
How soft the beds in the dear old tree!
Theirs not, however, to reason why,
Theirs but to follow in line or die,
And so they stumbled on and on
Till instinct failed and life was gone.

These verses may embarrass those
From youth to age led by the nose
In voting, talking, reading, thinking,
Ruling, warring, eating, drinking,
Buying, selling, taking, giving,
Loving, hating, dying, living.
What price the civilized variety,
The Caterpillars of Society?
Least said, however, soonest mended:
The moral's drawn, the fable ended
When I've asked you: Was a brain
Given the human race in vain?

J. F.



Contemporary Canadian Artists

G. CAMPBELL McINNES

No. 3---Charles F. Comfort

IN ADDITION to his own peculiar experience of life, the artist must have the ability to translate it at least adequately for his audience. If he fails to do this, his art becomes—like Surrealist easel pictures (not Surrealist films) — esoteric, and ceases to germinate creatively. To force the observer to delve deeply into one's own private subconscious, by startlingly juxtaposed but obviously naturalist objects, rather than by conveying, through form, color, design and atmosphere something of what one feels about life, is eventually to produce an art as hieratic as the Byzantine or the Egyptian. Repeated symbols lose their meaning; clumsy execution, if it mars the artist's message, is criminal. To produce the perfect blend that makes for fine art, the artist must be vividly conscious of his contemporary environment, easily able to draw from the great tradition, and thoroughly master of his vehicle of expression.

It is his combination of superb draughtsmanship and unbounded enthusiasm that makes of Charles Comfort an artist of significance in the contemporary Canadian scene. His sincere, hardworking craftsmanship may sometimes give one the impression that his material is too easily mastered, but it enables him continually to experiment, to tackle problems from which others less well equipped might shrink. If, in the course of his active career, his facility has occasionally led him astray, his essential honesty has saved him, sometimes at the eleventh hour, from proseletysing; and when there is a task of importance to be done, he can be relied upon to carry it out with integrity.

Such a task confronted him in the design and execution of eight murals for the newly erected Toronto Stock Exchange, one of which is reproduced opposite, and he undertook it with characteristic zeal. Murals dealing with the eight major Canadian industries — engineering and construction, mining, transport and communication, oil, pulp and paper, refining, smelting and agriculture — offered not merely technical difficulties. To escape from realism into the romanticism of either the pioneer or the bridgebuilder would have been easy. Comfort refused to do this, with the result that his murals, in addition to being compositionally effective, are accurate technical and social documents. Behind an informatively synoptic view of a certain industry, arranged in a coherent design, lie deeper implications.

The mural reproduced opposite is one of four dealing with the "below-ground" activities of the Dominion, and is on the east wall of the trading room. Five bands of light running from the 12 foot level up both walls and across the ceiling in a continuous arc, are separated, on the walls, by bands which carry the murals — themselves an architectural continuation in the vertical plane of the separating bands on the ceiling. Each mural is 4' x 16', and this one — "Mining" — is interesting in that the industry, being essentially vertical, lent itself well to the somewhat awkward shape of the available wall space. Beginning at the bottom we have drilling in the stope, next comes tramping on the level, followed by men ascending in the cage; finally there is at the top the head frame with men coming off shift. The arbitrary vertical line of the shaft has been used as an integrating factor, while undue verticality (tending to make the mural appear narrower than it really is) has been avoided by the use of transverse rhythmic lines, abstracted from the activities which they represent, and the brilliant lights. Further unity is achieved by the facial types of the workers, and the coloring, subdued, and merging from one level into the next, while the various lights serve the added purpose of varying the flow of color. The whole gives the impression of strength and continuity, enhanced by the interacting and similarly conceived forms of men and equipment. The finished mural is framed by a thin band of stainless steel.

Comfort was born in Edinburgh in 1900, but came to Winnipeg at the age of eleven, and has lived in Canada ever since, moving East in the meantime. The same experimental note pervades his sketches and canvases of the Lake Superior and Lower St. Lawrence regions, and certain of his less messianic portraits. In the field of commercial art he has pioneered the movement away from photographic and sentimental naturalism, which, while definitely on the decline in Europe, seems to have an extraordinarily tenacious hold on this side of the Atlantic.



One of the Eight Murals Executed
by Charles Comfort for the Toronto
Stock Exchange Building



J. E. Flecker---The Role of Tuberculosis in English Poetry

J. MARKOWITZ

THERE are, believe it or not, many ways of getting drunk, and to become sick with tuberculosis is one of them. This intoxication differs from alcoholism in the respects that it heightens consciousness and is sustained. The disease greatly influenced the writings of R. L. Stevenson, Keats, Henley, Francis Thompson, Katherine Mansfield, and a hundred others, a most typical example being J. E. Flecker. That tuberculosis can transform an ordinary poet into a great poet is a repugnant or unacceptable contention to many, but not to those who have experience with tubercular patients. Generally speaking, the poems of Keats and of Flecker respectively differ from those of their contemporaries Byron and Rupert Brooke in a manner that is best explained by their disease.

Flecker is an example of a poet who died of tuberculosis at the age of thirty. As a school-boy he wrote verses with a facility that exasperated his friends. At Oxford he turned out a large volume of puerile and imitative stuff. Later he entered Cambridge for the study of Oriental languages, in order to qualify for the Diplomatic Service. Here he saw a good deal of Rupert Brooke with whom he would argue for hours as to who wrote the better poetry. After leaving Cambridge he entered the Consular Service, being sent to Constantinople in 1910. No sooner did he get there than he broke down with tuberculosis and returned for several months to an English Sanatorium where he was apparently cured. He was then transferred to Smyrna, where two years later he was again taken ill; he tried one sanatorium after another and died at Davos early in 1915.

Biographers who have no experience with the excoriating emotional effluvia that is the tubercular temperament, state that not until Flecker went to the Orient did he come into his own as a poet. However, the geographic emphasis is incorrect: his verse was not distinguished until "la belle dame sans merci" had him in thrall (that lady who assailed Keats, and whom Canada's great physician Osler called "Captain of the Men of Death"). Before his illness Flecker manoeuvred the usual praetorian cohort of poetic words and phrases, which however did not admit him to the poetic purple. After his breakdown there entered into his writing that essential something that is an infallible guide to great verse, namely the note of ecstasy. "Brumana", "Sadhabad", "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence", "The Old Ships", and especially the poetic drama "Hassan" are all done in the tradition of the finest English poetry.

In "Hassan" one encounters all the peculiarities of a composition that is created by a capable poetic craftsman who is suffering from the hectic fever of tuberculosis. He that can read it without rapture had better abandon the reading of poetry for he is lacking in the necessary emotional receptors. (He should probably be killed, or exiled to the Yukon, or kept away from children, or something.) It is hard to describe the play. It is not like first looking into Chapman's Homer, nor is it like Shakespeare or the Bible or any of the sleep-provoking volumes of President Eliot's five-foot bookshelf. Yet there is something hypnotic in its lyrical ecstasy.

Hassan is a confectioner of old and far-away Bagdad. Unlike Hamlet he is middle-aged, poor and pudgy, but his personality captures your imagination because he has a heart. He plays the lute, loves poetry and buys fine carpets with his spare money. The play opens with the confession that he loves a mysterious neighbour, the beautiful, bitter Yasmin (who, he does not know, is a professional light o' love). And because he is a common man with a common trade and because his friends are fellows from the market who jeer and grin she despises him and breaks his heart.

Tuberculosis patients day-dream much of the time. That is one of the reasons why Keats wrote of ancient Greece, and Flecker of the court of Haroun-al-Raschid. Such patients are oversexed; indeed the ancients believed that the disease was due to sexual overindulgence. Their writings, naturally enough, are also much preoccupied by thoughts of death; they are drunk with vivid colours, with images and with emotion. All these qualities are present in Keats' poems, and are combined in "Hassan".

The following is typical:

Ishak (the court poet)—

... Have you not seen the daughter of carpets
O Hassan of Bagdad, put here the blue and here the
gold, here the orange and here the green? So have
I seen the Caliph take the life of some helpless man
—who was contented in his little house and garden,
enjoying the blue of happy days—and colour his
life with the purple of power, and streak it with the
crimson of lust: then overwhelm it all in the gloom-
greys of abasement, touched with the glaring reds of
pain, and edge the whole with the black border of
annihilation.

Hassan—

He has been so generous. Do not say he is a
tyrant! Do not say he delights in the agony of men!
Ishak—

Agony is a fine colour and he delights therein
as a painter in vermilion new brought from Kurdi-
stan. But shall so great an artist not love contrast?

To clasp a silver belt round the loins of a filthy beggar while a slave darkens the soles of his late vizier, is for him but a jest touched with a sense of the appropriate: and I have seen it enacted in this very room.

Hassan—

But you are his friend.

Ishak—

As you are. It is elegant for a monarch to condescend. It is artistic for a monarch to enjoy the pleasures of contrast and escape the formalities of Court . . . But here comes the preceder of the the Caliph, the penultimate splendour of the divan, a man noble without passion, sagacious without inspiration, and weak as a miser's coffee.

Herald—

The Tulip of the Parterre of Government, the Shadow of the Cypress Tree, the Sun's Moon, Jafar the Barmecide.

Soldiers—

Long live the great Vizier!

Herald—

Let all mouths close but mine. (lifting his staff)
The Holy, the Just, the High-born, the Omnipotent; the Gardener of the Vale of Islam, the Lion of the Imperial Forests, the Rider on the Spotless Horse, the Cypress on the Golden Hill, the Master of Spears, the Redresser of Wrong, the Drinker of Blood, the Peacock of the World, the Shadow of God on Earth, the Commander of the Faithful, Haroun al Raschid ben Mohammed, Ibn Abdulla Ibn Mohammed Ibn Ali ben Abdullah, Ibn Abbas, the Caliph! . . .

Dervish—

(Gloomily) A clay thing, a plaything, a shadow, the Caliph!

Caliph—

The Divan is open. Let all mouths close but mine. Our justice today will be swift as a blow of the sword. In the Book of the Wisdom of Rulers I read: "Be sudden to uproot the tree of conspiracy for it scatters far its seed". Are you the Beggars?

Beggars—

We are beggars of Bagdad.

Caliph—

Thou, spokesman, come hither! Wherefore didst thou plot against my throne and the safety of all Islam? Didst thou not fear not only for thy life but for thy salvation?

Beggar—

Master and Lord of the World, hast thou been poor, hast thou been hungry? Dost thou know what dreams enter the gaunt heads of starving men as they lie against the back of thy garden wall, and moan: "Bread in God's name, bread in the name of God"? . . .

Every page of the play yields material that is as suitable for quotation. Into this Bagdad of intrigue enters kindly Hassan to trouble his head with the cruelty of princes. But he deserts the Palace of Art for the Garden of Action, and he catches a cold therein from the Wind of Complication. And (to continue Flecker's diction) because his impudence has a monstrous beauty, like the hind quarters of an elephant, his life is spared but with demotion to the position of court confectioner. But he is not now the same Hassan as before his advancement:

he can "take it" no longer, and his nerves break down. Ishak, the court poet, persuades him to leave the city of slaves, to join the great summer caravan for the cities of Bokhara and Happy Samarkand. Because the desert path is as yellow as the bright seashore, pilgrims call it "The Golden Journey". Here is reached the high point of the play, which by this time has taken the reader by storm, so that he is unconscious of its formalized and artificial phraseology, unconscious of everything but the unfolding of the plot and the spiritual conflict which it displays. It's humor, presented against a background of terror, is the kind that Charlie Chaplin uses, the kind that makes clowns the funniest and the saddest of people. There is a hyperbolic splendour about the lines that is unusual in effective dramatic speech. They remind us of the vivid colours of a parrot's feathers, contrasting and vieing with each other, reinforcing and embracing each other, and when the eye turns away from the bird leaving an after image no less coloured and vivid.

Thrice blest whose parrot of his own accord
Invents new phrases to delight his Lord,
Who spurns the dull quotidian task and tries
Selected words that prove him good and wise.
Ah, once it was my privilege to know
A bird like this . . .

But that was long ago!

The play ends with a dramatic recitation of the lyric, "The Golden Road to Samarkand". This is the very attar of poetic fragrance:

Hassan—

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells,
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.

Ishak —

We travel not for trafficking alone;
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:
For lust of knowing what should not be known,
We take the Golden Road to Samarkand . . .

However, to describe a piece of music it is essential to play it, and to love "Hassan" one must read it.

It might be supposed that the relationship between Flecker's tuberculosis and his poetic genius is an accidental one. Such an explanation is difficult to accept in the case of Keats who died at the age of twenty-five of this disease. Nobody else has written such a body of poetry at so young an age. Moreover the relationship between literary genius and tuberculosis is too frequent to be accidental. In addition to those writers mentioned above, the following either died of tuberculosis or were seriously ill with it: Marie Bashkirtseff, Schiller, John Locke, Alexander Pope (tuberculosis of the spine), Tom Hood, Laurence Sterne, Molière, Henry Thoreau, Goethe, Balzac, Jane Austen, Samuel Butler, Edward Gibbon, Voltaire, Francis Beaumont, Walter Scott,

Samuel Johnson, Baruch Spinoza, Washington Irving, Charlotte Bronte, Charles Kingsley, Robert Southey, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Immanuel Kant, "Thomas Ingoldsby", Descartes, Mérimée, Laennec, and James Clarence Mangan.

There is a popular but mistaken view that insanity is related to genius; the true facts are that genius is an exaggeration of consciousness displaying itself by extraordinary talent in some sphere of human endeavour. The effects of the toxin tuberculin in enhancing poetic talent are by no means similar to those of insanity. One should note that the writings of tuberculous authors are seldom anarchic, not even in the case of James Clarence Mangan who endured enough to sour him against society. The philosophies of Kant and Locke should be contrasted with those of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer; the latter were insane during some part of their lives. Similarly the verse of Keats should be contrasted with that of Shelley, who in his day was considered an ethical and political anarchist. The sickness of tuberculous patients makes them too dependent on the help of others for such a note to creep into their writings.

The hymn "Abide With Me" was composed by a clergyman as he lay dying with consumption. He had never written anything of value before this. Its peculiar literary quality is like that of Flecker's poem "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence".

I who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

It is entirely possible that this poem will be Flecker's most enduring monument.

Another Month

WHILE Canadians read headlines about 5,000,000 coronation mugs, Social Discredit, and the menace of bingo, twenty starved corpses are being collected daily off Shanghai streets, 37,000,000 Chinese are threatened with similar ends unless their rice is reimported from Japan, about 6,000 Ethiopians are massacred to replace the leg of one Italian general, and pogroms against Polish Jews continue at the rate of 250 dead or crippled per month.

Quebec declares a barren-land-settlement scheme open to all jobless irrespective "of political, national, or religious affiliation" but closed to socialists or communists.

Women, babies, and old men to a number equalling Hamilton's population are bombed out of Malaga, shelled to the sea, and bombed again there by international fascists, who now number about 100,000 in Spain . . . Ottawa introduces legislation to jail for two years any Canadian volunteering to defend the Spanish.

Canadian union official promises no sit-downs in Canada and American union ditto praises the peacefulness of the Canadian class struggle. . . 200 Sarnia workers strike in a foundry, are clubbed out with crowbars by a scab mob which half-lynches a union organizer and runs up the Canadian flag over the foundry.

Roosevelt battles to take away the harps from the Nine Old Muses while an Indiana colonel demonstrates that "provisions of the federal constitution mean nothing under martial law" by nullifying with rifles legal decisions in favor of auto strikers.

Through their elected misrepresentatives Canadians agree to spend this year \$34,000,000 on murder equipment, an equal sum to keep up the price of C.N.R. bonds, about half as much on federal relief, \$200,000 to send politicians and militarists to the King's anointing, nothing on national scholarships.

Each English duchess is paying \$2,000 for a 17-yard velvet court gown . . . York township women record that it takes a year to get one house-dress and a pair of stockings out of the relief authorities.

Short Story: Toronto workless veteran picks up rags and bottles to get extra food, is classified as employed and refused fuel relief . . . his baby dies from lack of bedding and heat . . . five Native Sons branches send wreaths to the funeral.

The U.S.S.R., home of irrevocable socialism, continues to buy more goods from fascist Germany than from any other country, and impresses the new millionaire ambassador from the U.S. with its application of the profit motive to industry.

Quebec Premier Duplessis tells Ontario's Hepburn he supports the Ontario nationalized power system; on the same day he fires Drouin out of his cabinet for advocating a similar project in Quebec . . . Hepburn immediately characterizes Duplessis as "one of the great Canadians of the age".

University of Toronto professor says depression came because 26,000,000 women went dieting . . . because of depression more than 26,000,000 women continue dieting.

Some Canadians work in cafes 90 hours weekly for \$7, or wash other people's cars for two cents a car, or repair railway engines for \$26 a month, or take to prostitution for lack of work . . . This year, from public funds, Hector Charlesworth draws \$10,000 for retiring from the radio commission, two government investigators into Regina unemployed riots get a \$22,000 combined fee, two major-generals receive \$15,000 each, and the director of public welfare is presented with a living allowance of \$25 a day.

RUFUS.

Rooster Which Walked in a Circle

MATT ARMSTRONG

YOUNG LEONARD, watching the boss' back receding along the top of the trench, thought, well, it's a job. It's better than school. Even if it is just digging, it's work, and I'm getting just as much money as Old Jake, or George, or any of them. Thirty cents an hour is man's wages. I can have some money in my pockets, and have some fun once. And as long as I pay board at home the old man can't kick because I left school. Takes too long to be a lawyer, anyway. I want to earn money. He grinned to himself, then looked up ahead to Old Jake.

Old Jake's face was turned sideways and Leonard could see his jaws working mechanically and the tobacco juice oozing down through his beard. He seemed to be watching something in the vacant lot across the street.

"Well sir, look at that fool of a rooster," Old Jake said.

Leonard and George looked across the street. They saw a big white rooster. He was walking in a circle, around and around in the same track, uncertainly. As they watched, he stretched his neck and crowd, his cry sounding mad, defiant, then he continued his walk, half strutting, half staggering. The diggers, leaning on their shovel handles, watched him for a while, walking in a circle.

Old Jake said, "He don't know where he's goin', but he's on his way, eh George?"

"I'll say so," George said. George looked nearly as old as Jake, but he was small and dirty while Old Jake was big and dirty. They both shaved Saturdays, and washed.

Leonard laughed at the rooster walking in a circle. He laughed at everything. Leonard was young.

The second man in front of Old Jake kept on digging. He had not looked up. He wore a white shirt.

Old Jake glanced toward him. "George, there's the best man on the job, steady as a rock, eh?" He winked at George.

The man in the white shirt looked back at them over his shoulder, so they could see his puffed, almost bloated face, and the heavy purple pouches under his eyes. They looked at him, grinning.

"Nuts," he said.

They laughed at him, Leonard laughing with them.

"Jake, the Dude ain't interested in poultry," Leonard said.

The Dude glared past the two older men to the

boy. "Listen, punk," he said, "that'll be plenty from you, see, plenty." He straightened, turning so that he faced the three of them. His face looked wild.

"The boy's just kiddin', Dude," Old Jake said.

"He can't kid me," the Dude said.

"No?"

"No."

"Well, never mind. Take it easy, Dude, take it easy."

"I'll take it anyway I like, and I don't need any advice from you, you grey-haired old mud-hound."

Old Jake grinned, rolling his cud of tobacco. "He's mad again, George, Ain't he mad, eh?"

"I'll say so," George said.

Leonard watched, wide-eyed, from behind Old Jake.

Old Jake winked at George. "Pretty fresh for a fella that never worked in his life before, ain't he, George? I mean worked. I don't mean settin' with his rump on a cushion, pushin' a pen." The Dude didn't seem to hear. Old Jake kept on. "Now, take you and me, George, we've worked. Remember when we helped put the first water main on this here street? Two houses on it then. A two inch line, it was. George, that was just thirty-four years ago. Then lemme see . . . about nineteen years ago we changed it from two inch to four inch pipe, di'n't we? And now here we are again, steppin' her up to six inch. Yessir, we've had some experience, George."

He looked up, but the Dude was taking his tobacco and papers from his shirt pocket, paying no attention.

"Guess we've worked in nearly every piece of water main that was ever put in this town, ain't we, George, for thirty-five years anyway." Old Jake looked proud. He spat. "Ain't we, George?"

"I'll say so," George said.

"Thirty-five years! Holy sufferin'!" Leonard said, behind them. His young laughter rang down the trench.

Old Jake looked back at him. "Yessir, boy, thirty-five years."

"Wow!" the boy said.

Leonard thought for a moment, and said. "In just thirty-four years, ten months, and two weeks, Jake, I'll have worked on the Waterworks as long as you." He paused. "That's a long time, Jake."

"It sure is, boy," Old Jake said.

They began to dig again as the boss strolled toward them. The clay was hard and dry. They

had to ride their shovels. Three of them began to work, but the man in the white shirt finished rolling his cigarette, lit it deliberately, and stood leaning on his shovel, smoking. The boss paused, looking down at him. He kept smoking. His face looked sullen. The boss rattled the keys in his pocket, whistled tunelessly, then turned around and walked slowly away.

Leonard looked up again. "Must be after four," he said. "Here come the school kids." He hollered at the group of boys who stood on the edge of the trench, farther down, watching the diggers. The boys came along.

"Know whose is that rooster?" Old Jake asked them, pointing to the vacant lot where the rooster still walked.

"Nope," one of the boys said. "He's been doing that for . . . for I don't remember how long now, two or three days. I don't remember."

"Go see what's the matter with him," Old Jake said.

The boys went into the vacant lot. In a moment they came back, one with the rooster under his arm. Old Jake looked at him. George and Leonard came along to look at him.

Old Jake pointed out a grey scale which covered the rooster's eyes. "See there," he said. "That's what the matter is with him. He's blind. He's blind as a bat." They stood looking at the rooster. "Yessir, that's what makes him walk like that," Old Jake said, shaking his head slowly and clucking with his tongue.

The boys took the bird back and freed him. He returned to his circling.

Leonard saw the boss standing on the edge of the trench, near the far end, waving his arm. It was five o'clock. All the way along the trench the diggers scrambled out and headed for the toolbox, carrying their picks and shovels to put them away for the night. As soon as they had put their tools away they strode off, not looking back. Soon only a few remained.

The man in the white shirt was the last one to reach the toolbox. The boss waited for him. Old Jake, George, and Leonard leaned on the box.

The boss said, "I expect you to do your share, same as the others, Dude."

The Dude looked at him with his bloodshot eyes. "Didn't I do enough to suit you today?" he asked.

The boss shook his head. "No . . . Why don't you lay off that jungle juice, Dude? Nobody can work after drinking that stuff. You ought to know it by this time."

The Dude's eyes bulged. "Listen," he said, voice smouldering, "you needn't throw that up, see. Any-

way, what I do after working hours is my business, not yours. If you're not satisfied . . ."

"I'm not, Dude."

"Okay, you know what you can do. I don't have to work for you. I've held down jobs before, real jobs that would make this little walking boss' thing of yours seem like nothing at all. You know that, too, don't you?"

"Yes, Dude, you've held good jobs. I know that. We all know that. And we all know you lost them, too. I hate to see any man make a damn fool of himself, that's all."

"Oh, nuts. Don't lecture me. I'm fed up. You get my dough right now, see. I'm through."

"You'll get your check Saturday, same as the rest."

The Dude's eyes went insane. He dropped his shovel, and, grabbing his pick in both hands, stepped toward the boss. The boss, squat like a heavy-weight wrestler, waited for him, feet apart, solid on his feet, eyes staring into the Dude's. The Dude stopped.

"You get my dough, now," he said.

The boss said, quietly, "Your trouble, Dude, has always been that you didn't have any guts. You still haven't any guts."

They stood staring at each other.

In a moment the Dude lowered his arms. "Oh, go to hell," he said. To Leonard it sounded like a tired person. The Dude dropped the pick.

"Sure," the boss said.

There was a pause.

"Here, better take this half buck if you're not coming back. This is only Wednesday," the boss said.

The Dude's eyes flashed mad, then dulled. He stood looking at the coin the boss held out to him, his own hands dangling loose at his sides, the fingers closing, opening, closing, opening. Then he reached out, clutched the coin, and hurried away down the street.

Leonard and the others stared after him until he vanished around the corner of the block.

The boss slammed down the lid of the toolbox and clicked the padlock. His whistle sounded dry.

After a moment Old Jake coughed and said, "Well sir, boys, another day, another dollar; a million days, a million dollars, eh?" Old Jake laughed. It sounded hollow.

Nobody said anything.

"Well sir, that fool of a rooster is still goin' nowhere fast," Old Jake said. "Been doin' that all day, ain't he, George?"

"I'll say so," George said.

Young Leonard stood still, not laughing, but serious.

Facts, Figures and Finance

Business Conditions

The January index of physical volume of business stood at 116.9 (106.2 last year). The indices for industrial production, mineral production and manufacturing all showed greater advances than the general index. Wholesale prices were 81.3, as against 72.9 last year, employment on February 1 was 104.1 (98.4 last year). Other notable improvements over 1936 were: newsprint 192.7 (152.7), pulp 96 (68), planks and boards 111.7 (51.4), iron and steel 123.3 (91.4), motor cars 122.3 (83.1). Car loadings to March 6 were 14 per cent. above last year. Construction contracts for the first two months of 1937 were 30.5 per cent. lower.

Dividends

Gross dividends for January and February were about \$27,000,000, or one-third higher than last year. The Nesbitt Thomson dividend index for January was 121.1, for February 125. The corresponding figures for 1936 were 101.1 and 101.7. The record highs for these months were, in 1931, 155.7 and 153.5 respectively. The 1937 figures are higher than the corresponding figures for any years except 1929, 1930 and 1931, and the February 1937 index is exactly double the depression low of 62.5 (August, 1933).

1929 and 1936

The February number of the D.B.S. Monthly Review of Business Statistics has a chart comparing conditions in these two years. Many of the figures are much lower for 1936 than for 1929; for instance, car loadings, railway gross earnings, pig iron and automobile production, all about a third lower, and construction 70 to 80 per cent. lower. But many are higher: gold shipments and zinc exports almost double, nickel exports almost 60 per cent. up, copper exports over 70 per cent. up, electric power production nearly 45 per cent., hog slaughterings more than 50 per cent., cattle slaughterings over 35 per cent. Some of the increases have an obvious connection with European re-armament. Though the index of manufacturing production was only 6 per cent. below 1929, the index of employment in manufacturing was down 11.7 per cent. Farm purchasing power, according to the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was 78.49 (1926 equals 100), compared with about 60 in 1932 and between 115 and 120 in 1928. The National Industrial Conference Board notes that the American index of industrial production in 1936 was 88.2 (1929 equals 100), Canadian 88.6, British 114.1, Japanese 151.0, and German 105.6.

Armament Orders from Britain

Lord Riverdale, who has been making a detailed

inspection of the plants of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, intimated, according to the Financial Post, that "Demands have been so heavy on British iron and steel firms that orders for the British Government from private buyers which would ordinarily be handled by British firms will have to be given to Canadian mills. British steel production is two million tons behind present requirements." The Post also says that the British War Office is "likely to use Canada as its chief outside base for supplies of essential materials . . . It has given substantial orders to two Canadian companies. One is the shell order to National Steel Car Corporation. The other has not been definitely identified . . . There is little doubt that a huge volume of business will come to Canada from the British rearmament program when the War Office finds time to arrange matters." A pleasing prospect?

Guns are Better than Houses

(for the Working Class)

"The proposal for a national low-cost housing scheme for industrial workers, worked out by the National Employment Commission, involving an annual subsidy from the Dominion Government of \$5,000,000, has been reluctantly postponed by the Cabinet." (News item).

Budgets

Ontario announces a surplus of \$7,347,729, Nova Scotia \$151,718. The Dominion is less happy, but its position is improving. Debt charges account for 26.23 per cent. of Dominion expenditures and 31.3 per cent. of revenues. Why not a higher income tax in the upper and upper middle brackets, a Dominion inheritance tax, a debt-redemption levy on wealth? At present only 26.5 per cent. of Dominion tax revenue comes from direct taxes.

The Anglo-Canadian Trade Agreement

According to the London Times, the new agreement means lower duties on about 40 per cent. of our imports from Britain, and free entry for about 30 per cent. This sounds impressive, but most of the reductions are small. I have found only about thirty items on which they are at all substantial. Of these in the fiscal year 1936, our total imports were nearly \$14,000,000, our imports from Britain nearly \$7,000,000. Of course there may be cases in which a very small reduction in the duty will make all the difference to the British exporter. Only time will tell. Britain, for her part, continues the preference granted to us under the old Agreement, and adds a few new ones.

E.A.F.

□ ■ □

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION

REPORT ON CONTEST No. 3

Nursery jingles may be extremely capricious in their rhymes, but they invariably have an admirably, and indeed exceptionally strong, flexible, and accurate rhythm. Readers of The Canadian Forum could hardly be so insensitive as to make the almost incredible blunder of a recent very dull popular song on this matter: the rhythmic flaws of too many competitors must have been due to sheer inattention. Various merits, in varying degree commend, for example:

1867

Four little provinces reaching for the sun
Bound themselves together, thought they were one.

1935

One vast Dominion with its sky clouded o'er
Enacted laws to coax sunshine once more.

1937

Grave Privy Councillors laws refuse to sign,
So from ONE Dominion, now there are NINE.

MISS H. G. MORSE.

Little Miss Christian
Sat on a Commission
To investigate prices and pay;
There came a big Banker
And threatened to spank 'er,
And frightened Miss Christian away.

MARETTA.

Lullaby for all Treasuries

Hush, little Deficit, don't you cry;
You'll be a Surplus bye and bye.
Father's a wizard of High Finance,
He won't leave a shortage a Chinaman's chance.
You look like a loss, but Debate will explain
That Bookkeeping shows you're a definite gain.
Hush, little Deficit, don't you cry;
You'll be a Sales Tax bye and bye.

LUDWIG PARIS.

But there can be no doubt that for point and neatness together the prize must go to Mr. C. L. Coburn.

Sing a song of armaments, a pocketful of pence—
Six and thirty millions is the price of our defence.
When they went in the budget, it soon began to grow.
But safety's cheap at half the price as all good
Liberals know.

As King was in his counting-house, counting out the money,

And Bennett, on the Speaker's left, was simply oozing honey,

Woodsworth was in the corridor, lining up the Noes,
Along came M. Lapointe and snipped off his nose.

COMPETITION No. 4

A prize of \$5.00 is offered for the best Anticipatory Epitaph, domestic or foreign. It may be in prose or verse, serious or facetious: but it must be brief and to the point. It is suggested, but not required, that if in verse, it does not exceed a

couplet, if in prose, a sentence. Scurrility may be appreciated by the Editors, but can hardly, for obvious reasons, receive a prize — at least, not the regular prize.

For the guidance of our readers we give two oft-quoted examples:

On Lady Astor: Here England buries her grudge
against Columbus.

On Lloyd George: Count not broken pledges as a crime.

He meant them, how he meant them, at the time.

The rules are:

1—Address Monthly Contest Editor, The Canadian Forum, 28 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

2—No mss. are returned and any may be printed in part or in whole, whether awarded a prize or not.

3—Members of The Canadian Forum Board are not eligible to compete.

4—The decision of the Contest Editor is final; he need not award a prize if he considers no entry is worthy of award.

5—Entries must reach the Contest Editor by the 10th of each month.

O CANADA!

(\$1.00 will be paid for the press clipping heading this column).

He recalled a councillor in Orillia had objected to a nurse imparting birth control information in that town, saying "It was not in the public good, because they had a baby carriage factory in the town."

(Toronto Star, Feb. 8.)

* * *

The percentage of those obtaining A and B certificates was .85 of those who wrote, comparing very favourably with other Universities in Canada and Great Britain . . . Enrolment in the Department of Military Studies in worth while for all students desirous of understanding the problems of peace and war and thus equipping themselves to advance sound, well-balanced arguments in support of world peace.

(Report of the Director of the Dept. of Military Studies, University of Toronto, included in the President's Report, 1936, p. 100.)

* * *

Mr. Rawson, who recently returned from a European tour, during which he visited Spain for three days, gave a talk on conditions in that country.

(Ottawa Journal.)

* * *

It is impossible to think that any delegation could assume a disinterested attitude.

(Montreal Star, March 13—on the Imperial Conference on defence and foreign policy.)

* * *

Right Hon. Mr. Churchill comforted the fainthearts when he compared the position today with that of 1914. (Montreal Star on the debate in House of Commons London on defence.)

This month's prize goes to John A Dewar of Toronto.

The Canadian Forum

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Is This Heresy?

TOWARDS THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION:

John Line, G. Vlastos, R. B. Y. Scott, Eug. Forsey, King Gordon, J. W. A. Nicholson, Edis Fairbairn, "Propheticus", Eric Havelock.

"THE KINGDOM of God cometh not but by revolution" seems to be the thesis of the authors of this book though nowhere is such a thesis explicitly stated. However, John Line does speak of "our effort to reach a revolutionary theological principle". Vlastos refers to the "irreconcilable conflict . . . meaning revolution", and proceeds to "announce the revolution". Propheticus extolls the "prophet Marx". Forsey says "until Christians understand and apply the lessons of Marxism they cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven", and furthermore suggests that probably neither can anyone else. Fairbairn goes to the length of suggesting that the Christian evangel is one calling for "hate" of both the "immoral and the insane elements" in our society.

However one comes to the end of the book not quite sure what is meant by revolution. Is it an event, a process, a divine ordering, an avalanche of rebellion, an inevitable direction of history, or a political accident? Is it Christian, or Marxism, or neither, or both? The writers do not say, or perhaps they suggest all of the above. The point is that the writers see our society in the immediate future as one filled with revolution and revolutions and then proceed to spiritualize their interpretation of events.

The book portrays the revolution as philosophically proper, theologically orthodox, ethically justifiable, biblically sound, economically necessary, and politically expedient. Rejecting Evangelical Orthodoxy because of its inadequate conception of sin and salvation and Liberal Modernism because of its preoccupation with what we now call the psychology of religion, John Line finds in the post war theology a "temper of realism" which he proceeds to build into a synthesis called "Radical Christianity", which is both Barthian and Neo-Thomist peppered with Marx and garnished with Evangelicalism. The doctrine of sin is made to include primarily corporate sins of the dehumanization of life, a conception requiring that salvation be first of all social.

Vlastos' discussion of personality and community, built largely around Marx, Plato and Jesus is probably the most brilliant piece of work in the whole book. Enterprising preachers and social radicals seeking to convert the church to socialism will

find Professor Scott's chapter on the Bible full of suggestive material and he will probably not object to having it "cribbed" for the good of the cause. Forsey's analysis of economic alternatives is a clever bit of socialist argument flavored with his own peculiar style of sardonic humor and impatience with half measures.

King Gordon proclaims the socialized state as the chief bulwark against fascism, but gets awfully confused in his attempt to make sure that his readers do not become confused over dictatorships. To suggest that fascist dictatorships center in the man, while that in the U.S.S.R. only "seems" to do so is begging the question.

Two chapters might well have been omitted, that on the role of the church, and the one by Propheticus, the latter because it is either extraneous or repetition. The former does not measure up to the standard set by the rest of the book. Anyway, communion services are not central in a Christian cult. The Dunkard practice of food-washing would have been much more significant.

One lays aside the book with sheer delight because with all its sternness, and it is necessarily and profitably stern, Eric Havelock has caught and passed on in the final contribution the poetic insight of the prophet and his certainty of the community of all good things.

One thing is certain about this book. It is not simply a Canadian book about religion. It is the book over which Canadian churchmen will divide, to use MacMurray's terms, into pseudo-religious and real-religious groups. Perhaps this is the revolution toward which the authors are aiming. Such a division will be hard on the churches but good for the Kingdom of God.

G. RAYMOND BOOTH.

Which Was Marx?

KARL MARX: MAN AND FIGHTER: Baris Nicolai-vsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen; translated by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher; Methuen-Saunders; pp. 252; \$4.00.

TOO OFTEN has Karl Marx been drowned in the river of Marxism, and that without making the proverbial three appearances after the initial immersion. The would-be student-rescuer, baffled by the philosophic whirlpools and exhausted by the economic rapids, emerges with a frightful headache and reports no trace of the Corpus. This volume is an exception to the rule. In its pages the half-dozen or so Karl Marxes that evolved into

the Marx whose work is revered as sacrosanct in one part of the world, and cursed as blasphemous in another, stand clearly depicted. There is Marx the school boy, homely, taciturn, wilful, of average ability, interested chiefly in chemistry and physics; Marx the university student, studying and cursing law, and preoccupied with poetry and philosophy; Marx the Left Hegelian, who had deserted orthodox philosophy; Marx the professor, without a university; Marx the editor, without a paper; Marx the exile, the man without a country, a citizen of the proletarian world; Marx the cold-blooded logician, who yet carried a picture of his father into the grave with him; and lastly there is The Marx, the greatest communist thinker and writer of all time.

But if the authors have not allowed Marxism to dwarf its creator, neither have they overlooked Marxism itself. As Marx developed so did his ideas, and this work traces the growth of those ideas from their birth in neo-Hegelianism to that very comprehensive and complete system known today as Marxism. Not by study and observation alone did Marx learn; the interminable conflicts with other social philosophers which marked his entire life taught him much, for whatever his ardent followers and disciples may believe today, Marx never considered himself infallible. Once he flung aside his earlier philosophical preconceptions he never again was interested in ideas per se. Ideas in Action became his motto. He planned and plotted, organized and schemed. As able a tactician as he was a scholar, he was a formidable and merciless adversary. From the time he left the University of Berlin until the day of his death he fought on. Ill health dogged him but could never quite stop him. Government persecution hounded him but he battled the harder. Poverty clutched at him but could not hold him. "Progress through conflict" not only summarizes Marx's Materialistic Conception of History but aptly describes both his life and his system.

The battle so vividly pictured in these pages rages today with greater violence than ever. The forces engaged have gained strength since Marx's day, and real issues are clearer, but much of the thinking is no less muddy than that which Marx combatted. Social reformers, social democrats, socialists and communists fight one another as vigorously as they did in the past century, and on substantially the same grounds. There may be less murkiness regarding the desired goal, but regarding the tactics to be used in achieving it agreement seems as far away as ever. History may not repeat itself, but it certainly does resemble itself at times and in particular instances. The student of political and economic problems today will be struck by the resemblance of his problems to those confronting working class leaders of the nineteenth century.

If he can and will learn from the experiences of others, this book will be an invaluable aid.

The work is a bit too meaty for easy reading. Faulty organization has made inevitable considerable back-tracking vexatious to the reader. A too-literal translation results in a certain awkwardness of style. But these are minor flaws, detracting but little from the scholarly value of a book which is a history of nineteenth century social thought as well as a biography.

LORNE T. MORGAN

Love and Mr. Lewis

THE FRIENDLY TREE: C. Day Lewis; Cape-Nelson; pp. 288; \$2.00.

IF YOU have pigeon-holed C. Day Lewis among the English metaphysical reds, seducing Marx into sprung rhythm and dark ingenious metaphor, you will be properly surprised by the simple charm of this, his first acknowledged novel. (He has published three detective potboilers under the name of Nicholas Blake). Lewis is still moving on a rapid literary journey; it has taken him from early Eliotic introspections to the terse, honest imagery and lyrical tenderness of *From Feathers to Iron*, to the dry but energetic intelligence of *The Magnetic Mountain* and of his critical essay on revolutionary poetics, and to the satiric breadth of the Marxist *Noah And The Waters*. He has not yet reached his railhead nor justified the assertion of T. E. Lawrence that he is the most important event in English poetry since the death of Tennyson. But he has continued to show a versatility of form and quiet courage of language, a certain curious unromantic ardour of character, and a willingness to embark with his *Noah* on the perilous flood of revolutionary struggle, all of which, given time, may make him something better than the Tennyson of our sharper days.

Most of these qualities are in a subdued manner visible in *The Friendly Tree*. The theme is more limited than that of his later poems, the imagery naturally sparser, and the technique much less individual or confident. Once there is even a very annoying amateurish blunder whereby the reader is tricked into believing the heroine is dead. Yet the total impression is one of quiet wholesomeness and serious boyish beauty.

First of all it is the love-story of nineteen-year-old Anna, busy with the exciting experience of growing up and finding words to describe it, of revolting against the self-deceiving tyranny of her egotistic and mediocre father and her English village environment, where the young men "made love like tame mice — if the faces of the girls were to be believed". We come to feel that her own vitality is worth a finer passion and to be glad when Steve Hallam

wanders into the Cotswolds from the realities of the mining North and offers her the slow rich intensity of his own youth. Though Steve is a communist the book does not grow into a "proletarian novel". It remains an unashamed idyll. One might hazard a guess that it is quietly autobiographic, a prelude to the lyrical sequence which Lewis addressed to his wife and their yet unborn child in *From Feathers to Iron*, and even that it was actually written before those poems; the time within the novel is 1932.

Anna meets Steve through two non-communist friends of his, Richard, and his sister, Evelyn. They live comfortably by inheritance off the miners whose plight has made Stephen a radical. Having "some of the virtues and all the graces" these two help to "civilize" Anna as they once had Steve. A little more witty and wicked, they could occupy the forefront of an Aldous Huxley novel, but here their bright hardness and their inner emptiness become the symbols of the world which is passing, and which Steve and Anna learn to reject. It is the theme of *Noah and the Waters*: "Only the dying make terms with decay". Steve breaks from his momentary affair with Evelyn not because he is still bourgeois in morality but because he still brings tenderness to love-making, and tenderness created obligations which he cannot, as a communist, be distracted into meeting. Anna, too, might have chosen the charming Richard but she also is of the "new civilization" which rejects those who have matured them. Only Steve, with his rooted purpose and quiet, sturdy courage, can replace the hillside "friendly tree" to which Anna had brought the sorrows of her introverted childhood. Together, with

Iron in the Soul,
Spirit steeled in fire,
Needle trembling in truth

Anna and Steve set out for the magnetic mountain, the dimly sensed "kinder country beyond this flood" which they dare to help win for the heirs of their love.

EARLE BIRNEY.

A European View of Canada

CANADA: Andre Siegfried; Cape-Nelson; pp. 315; \$3.00.

ANDRE Siegfried's book published in 1907, on *The Race Question in Canada*, is the most penetrating study of our country that has ever been written by anyone, native or foreigner, historian, novelist or sociologist. At that time Canada was just emerging from the colonial stage of her existence to play a part in world affairs. She had just participated in the Boer War. During the 30 years since then our relations with the outer world have become much more intimate and complex and much more important to us. In this new book M. Siegfried concerns himself primarily with this new international position of Canada in the economic and political equilibrium of the twentieth century.

His main theme, which is a fairly obvious one but which he works out with a brilliant subtlety, is that Canada is torn between the pull along a north-south axis which is imposed upon her by geography and the pull along an east-west axis which is the result of her history. "At the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of any study of Canada, one must reiterate that Canada is American." In the long run this influence, he feels, will overcome all resistance, but in the meantime other factors complicate the situation. So he analyses our population, our racial composition, our agriculture, industry and commerce, the attitudes of French- and English-Canadians to each other, to the United States, Great Britain and the rest of the world. His statistics and his deductions from them have no new revelations for any Canadian who has been familiar in recent years with the studies of our own various social scientists. But he writes with a charm to which native Canadians cannot attain.

One of his main interests, as in his earlier book, is in the relations of French- and English-Canadians. In 1937 he presents the same picture as in 1907, of two peoples in one country whose relations with one another are essentially external relations, and who have achieved no more real unity than "a *modus vivendi* without cordiality". The real patriotism of the French-Canadians is towards their own province, not towards Canada as a whole. He doubts the ability of the church to maintain indefinitely this separation of civilization in the midst of industrialization and urbanization. And since even a rationalist Frenchman must have his romance, he cannot help dreaming, in 1937 as in 1907, of a French Canada revived and preserved in its Frenchness by renewed contact with old France. Alas, the renewed contact will come only when old France goes fascist.

He traces the transformation in our relations with Great Britain which has taken place since the days of Laurier, but he is still sceptical about our independent status. True, "Canada commits herself (to Britain) only when her interests are involved, but she no longer considers herself as a part of a whole but as a distinct and independent personality". On the other hand, if the mother country were in mortal danger, "filial sentiments (among English-Canadians) would appear even in circles where they are supposed to be out of date"; and "England has an incomparable way of imperceptibly directing people, governments and races to her own ends". What more can be said on this subject? And M. Siegfried wrote all this before our prime minister had decided to go in for an adequate defence force which is to be Canadian in time of peace and British in time of war!

About our relations with the United States he repeats with emphasis the main point of his earlier studies! A genuine Canadian patriotism has been growing up, but it is mainly a political patriotism, unsupported by an independent culture. "With an American culture whose centre of gravity lies outside Canada, is it possible to found a lasting Canadian nation?"

All of these observations are acute and penetrating, and should be pondered by every Canadian. Yet one cannot help feeling that M. Siegfried has missed the most important point of all about us as North Americans. He has missed it because he is blinded by a mystical European faith which prevents him from seeing in North America anything but the triumph of materialism as against the "creative individualism" of Europe and the European "respect for the human beings". This European faith of his is as irrational in 1937 as the Nazi faith in Aryan blood. But it results, among other things, in his inability to discover in North American agriculture a way

of life, save among the Catholic peasants of Quebec. He travelled across our prairies and apparently never heard of the co-operatives among the farmers, though some Chamber of Commerce member in Regina filled him up with all those hoary myths about the winter trips to California. He discerned no unrest and no portents of upheaval among our workers of common citizens. (He doesn't seem to have talked to any of them). He failed to catch any breath of the new breezes which are blowing across the continent, and which are the sign of a fresh effort to make real the American dream of equal opportunities for everyone to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is true that there is as yet not much evidence of any vital democratic movement in Canada. But M. Siegfried's thesis should have taught him to look for the future of Canada in the present trends of the United States; and there a man of his insight should have been able to detect a significance in such phenomena as the New Deal or the C.I.O. Whether anything will come of this resurgence in a new form of American democracy depends a good deal on whether we North Americans succeed in keeping ourselves aloof from the murderous wars into which M. Siegfried's spiritual Europeans are about to plunge themselves.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

Peter and Harriet

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON: A love story with detective interruptions: Dorothy L. Sayers; Gollancz-Ryerson; pp. 447; \$2.50.

THAT blend of "straight" novel and detective-story which has so long attracted Miss Sayers, and gave to "Gaudy Night" its twitching, almost feverish, manner, has here succeeded charmingly. The love-interest and the detective-interest are entirely distinct elements, not interfused but happily juxtaposed: the lovers do not solve the problem because they are in love, but they are both present to examine and discuss it because they have arrived at the place on their honeymoon.

Yes! Harriet Vane has "at long last"—as Miss Sayers (Heaven reward her!) nowhere puts it—consented to marry Lord Peter Wimsey, the famous amateur detective who years ago saved her from the hangman. Coming to spend their honeymoon in a Tudor farmhouse they find the recent owner murdered and a priceless group of local worthies, from whom Miss Sayers draws fun, charm, pathos and horror without over-working any of them. The Vicar did not row in his College boat, so far as appears. My own favourite is Puffett, the chimney-sweeping expert; Miss Twitterton, too, is wonderful with her home-made wine and squalid anguish. The charwoman who hauls out the Cockburn '96 and washes off the dirt easily eclipses even fox-shooters in the eyes of all pukka Sahibs. I love Inspector Kirk's incredible hobby of spotting quotations and shouting "Lord Byron" in the midst of clue-discussions. "Lord", by the way, is pure genius: think it over.

My lips are of course sealed as regards the crime-solution, which is admirable, especially Constable Sellon's part in it. The love-interest is fine mature stuff, the physical, intellectual, emotional elements being splendidly handled by two clear-sighted people who seek a wise and permanent way of living together. But it contains one artistic flaw: Miss Sayers attempts to make them fully express in language the depths of their hearts. It is hopeless, because presentation of the result to a reader or spectator spoils all. Such language is unthinkable as over-

heard: hence the ghastliness of so many film-conversations: just because they are utterly simple, utterly sincere, it is an outrage that I should sit and listen to them. Then what of the passages between Juliet and Romeo? But that is one of Shakespeare's most lovely and breathtaking triumphs. He does indeed express the emotional facts, but robed in glorious poetry which prevents that painful sense of eavesdropping, because no lovers since time began could utter impromptu such heavenly accents. Peter and Harriet do (as it happens) quote a good deal, but quotations are no help against the danger. Worst of all, the most intimate of their transports is actually overheard and interrupted.

Nevertheless, here is Miss Sayers' finest book, written with delicious raciness, rich in fun, humour, quaintness, the thrills of crime and the equally pleasant thrills of innocence.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

A Fisher Fantasy

APRIL: A fable of love: Vardis Fisher; Caxton Printers-Copp Clark.

FROM the somber depths of the Vridar Hunter tetralogy to the extravagant playfulness of April is a disconcerting transition. One had not expected just this from Mr. Fisher, though his avowed admiration for Cabell and Robert Nathan might have suggested leanings towards future experiments in lighter vein.

The four bulky autobiographical novels upon which, up to the present, Mr. Fisher's reputation as a writer chiefly rested, took their titles from five lines of Meredith:

'Tis morning: but no morning can restore
What we have forfeited. I see no sin;
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot;
We are betrayed by what is false within.

In *Tragic Life* dealt with Vridar Hunter's neurotic boyhood in a backward Mormon community in Idaho; *Passions Spin The Plot* carried him part way through college in Salt Lake City and up to his marriage with a childhood sweetheart; *We Are Betrayed* traced the course of this disastrous union in Salt Lake City and during graduate years in Chicago until his wife's suicide; and *No Villain Need Be* saw his triumphant emergence as a sane and integrated human being through an auto-corrective process based on Freudian principles. With all its faults—its long-windedness, its sprawling formlessness, its monotony of tone, its occasional pomposity, and the didacticism and loss of story interest consequent upon the eventual absorption of Vridar Hunter in Mr. Fisher himself—the tetralogy had moments of power and passion. The naked spectacle of the awful secret agonies of a childhood and adolescence dominated by terror and tormented by shame compelled emotional response; and there was conviction and trenchancy in the unsparing portrayal of the pettiness and pusillanimity of certain aspects of academic life.

In April, though the setting is the antelope country of *In Tragic Life* and the characters are those same Mormons with their "babes and sugar—beets and Zion ideology," we are in another world. The sun that brooded with yellow insanity over Vridar's strange childhood smiles benignly upon the antics of June Meg—and antics is the only word to describe the extraordinary behaviour of this extraordinary creature. "The homeliest girl in Antelope, the most unloved little squab in ten

counties", she seeks compensation, as "April," in an imaginary love-life compact of her own genuine emotions and the jargon of her mother's paper-backed novels, only to discover in the end that true romance has been waiting under her nose all the while in the person of ugly, faithful, despised Sol Incham.

A mood of fantasy, non-moding, non-idyllic, is born of June's wild flights of fancy and her unpredictable behaviour. Even her tears and her neighbors' taunts shed their commutations of tragedy. A consistently light touch, by the same token, saves the tale from degenerating into a bucolic idyl. In sheer grace of writing and in artistic unity it is a distinct advance on the tetralogy. Yet for all this, it remains a slight and tenuous piece of work. There is no bite in the irony. Behind the foolery the human animal is stripped of his pretences, but in so benevolent a fashion that the book lacks substances and pungency.

The explanation of this over-mellow mood is perhaps to be found in the philosophy in which the tetralogy issued. "The Frenchman was right," decides Vridar, "when we understand we realize there is nothing to forgive," "Nobody is detestable . . . only those with too much self-love ever think so." As a philosophy of life infinite tolerance may have its points. It does not make for effective irony.

LUCY INGRAM MORGAN.

The Sunset Kid

THE OTHER HALF: John Worby; Dent; pp. 279; \$2.50.

THIS "Autobiography of a Spiv" — which the glossary defines as "a man who gets a good living by his wits without working"—will inevitably be compared to W. H. Davies' famous Autobiography of a Supertramp, and it has no reason to fear the comparison. The two have much in common, but somehow, the qualifying "super" does not fit John Worby. It is true that he bursts into verse once, but that is shortly after many solitary weeks on the Scottish hills, and might happen to anybody. What is remarkable about him is the nervous vigour of a style which establishes direct contact with the reader at once, nor ever loses it; and unexpected restraint proceeding from a total absence of self-pity or self-glorification; the inherent interest of his strange and varied experiences; and, above all, the fundamental straightness of the man which not only keeps him from real crime but also endows him with an unexpected grip of essential moral values and keeps fresh within him the capacity for true sentiment and even chivalry.

John Worby is now twenty-five. His first memories are of his own unaccountableness to well intentioned foster parents incapable of dealing with a wayward child, and an even more incompetent institution that called itself a "Home". Sent from England to Canada in 1924 he finally gets across the border at 16 and there, penniless and alone, starts his wandering life—the Sunset Kid. It would be idle to attempt here any description of even his more startling adventures. They must be told as he tells them, for it is a strange picture he gives us of life "among gangsters and mugs, tramps, hoboes, buskers, molls, broads, swagwomen, spivs and bums" (as the jacket has it), to which must be added "queens" and "streamers" at least, both on this side and later in England, after he has been deported home. Some of these adventures are terrible and violent, some humiliating, many sordid, some laughable, and a few are beautiful. But always he wanders, and we cannot help feeling that when, as he several times does,

he throws up a chance to settle down, the prior reason, though he does not realize it, is his inability to stay put.

There is no doubt much here that many readers will find in very bad taste (the author would be the last to deny that) and much that may be found immoral. But I shall leave any stone-throwing to more practised hands than mine. To me, this is a very revealing and unusual book — great, though not comforting, reading.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Freedom or Privilege

FORWARD; FROM LIBERALISM: Stephen Spender
Ryerson-Gollancz; pp. 295; \$2.00.

STEPHEN Spender is one of the best known among the younger English poets and critics. He has set forth in this book his personal reasons for being a communist. He makes no profession to great learning in the biblical lore of the communist faith, and his book is exceedingly formless. But I should class it as a much more persuasive and convincing effort than the recent one of John Strachey who is now so well equipped with the orthodox patter. Here are sentences poured out by a passionate artist, whereas Strachey's productions have now become merely those of the competent professional missionary.

"I am a communist because I am a liberal". "By liberals I mean those who care more for freedom than for the privileges which have given freedom of intellect to individuals in one particular class; those who are prepared to work towards a classless communist society if they are convinced that freedom will be enlarged in this way". A large part of his book consists of studies of the liberal idealists of the nineteenth century and of their reaction against the capitalist society of their time. As a poet he is interested in the conditions under which art can flourish in society. He analyzes the position of the romantics. "The romantic, instead of protesting against the world of reality, decides that he can live in two worlds, the real world and an unreal world of his own or some writer's imagination. Romanticism failed because the consolation of a world of high imaginative values which it offered does not really reconcile us to the ill done to man by man in the real world." He concludes that the artist must join in the struggle to bring about "an unpolitical age, where conditions of peace and security are conducive to a classical art, rooted not in a small oligarchy but in the lives of the whole people". His argument is developed through analyses of such figures as Shelley and John Stuart Mill. "The growth of John Stuart Mill's mind was a spiritual journey away from Benthamite materialism and his father's puritanism towards what I can only describe as poetic values". And the fundamental failure of nineteenth century liberalism he finds in its inability to satisfy what may of its followers felt as a spiritual need in a world of self-interest.

This is a book primarily for those who feel this spiritual need. It can be highly recommended to our Canadian aesthetes who have been somewhat vocal of late about the relation of the artist to society. It will annoy them intensely. For Spender is very scornful towards the bourgeois individualist. "He and his little clique surround themselves with a set of arbitrary values to which they cling with snobbish pertinacity. Like children collecting stamps they specialize in certain issues; art, or love, or vice, or sex, or old-world snobbery . . . Finally the cosy little world of the individualist, backing his particular forms of sensibility against morality and politics, is supported by a school of critics who declare that in painting

what matters is 'significant form', in novels the portrayal of 'character', in poetry, technique, imagery or 'purity'. All these standards are simply a defence against the unwelcome suggestion that a work of art may refer away from the small sensibilities of the individualist to a general life of politics, morals, the growth of history . . . Anything boring like peace or politics is not life, because the bourgeois individualist has patented life." "If men live a life of private sensations, personal relationships, cultivated sensibilities, they will come to set a value on the economic arrangements of a society which have made these self-centred amoral experiences possible to them. They will allow others to suffer, the whole of society to be ruined even, sooner than lose the privilege of their individualism, which has become, not a way of life, but a drug". The Canadian world of art is full of such drug addicts.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

Those Dictators

FORCE OR REASON? Issues of the Twentieth Century:
Hans Kohn; Harvard University Press; pp. 167; \$1.50.

THIS IS an excellent little book. Setting out "to analyze briefly some of the aspects of the post-war world and to try to trace their historical background", Professor Kohn more than attains his object. In three clear and astringent chapters he does a very great deal to help his reader to understand the international scene in historical perspective. It is encouraging to be told that "there seems to me amidst all the complexity today less chaos in the world than is generally supposed" and to be reminded that "all those countries of Europe in which democracy was rooted in the social and cultural life in 1900 not only have remained democracies but have strengthened their democracy", with the exception of Italy. Professor Kohn is no defeatist, but on the other hand he does not minimize the present dangers to liberty and peace.

He traces the development of The Cult of Force and The Dethronement of Reason, and the impetus given to these by the display of force which was the world war, until now we have the rise of 'a new barbarism'. Not a sudden phenomenon this, but one which has sturdy roots in the nineteenth century and before; though even Napoleon looked on war as an evil, where Fascist thought sees in it an end in itself. "Reason is a powerful bond to unite all mankind: their equality, their common interests are recognized. Today, with the stress upon instincts, traditions and heredity, it is the differences between men and between races which emerge, a perpetuation of the past without any hope of a better future". The tempo of change and progress has been so fast, so vast in extent, that the problem of adjustment brings an almost intolerable strain.

The last chapter on The Crisis of Imperialism is of immediate and urgent interest. Though Professor Kohn does not approach the problem from the point of view of an economist, he here gives economic factors their due place, and clearly points out the fundamental contradictions upon which economic imperialism is based, and the inevitable decolonization to which it leads. He insists, however, that the vitality of modern civilization is proved by its extension over ever increasing territory. He does not believe that there is any danger of the white race being swamped, its numbers being to that of the coloured races as 7 to 11, and fast increasing. The present crisis is a world crisis, truly totalitarian, and it is on that basis

that a solution must be found. And who can deny the author's contention: "It seems ridiculous to say that international co-operation has failed. It has never been tried."

Professor Kohn's analysis, of which the main points can here only so inadequately be indicated, is supported by a number of interesting notes on specific points, and the whole is a clear, succinct and well-written statement of some of the world's most urgent problems. I wholeheartedly recommend it to all those who want to pierce through to fundamentals and attain a reasonably coherent view of the world around them.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

WE OR THEY: Two Worlds in Conflict: Hamilton Fish
Armstrong; Macmillan; pp. 103; \$1.50.

IN THIS book the editor of Foreign Affairs sees the world in terms of a conflict between democracy and dictatorship. He shows by means of interesting examples how art, religion, philosophy and science have all been debased into mere vehicles of nationalist propaganda. He knows that the dictator is at a great advantage in negotiations with democratic politicians and shows how they have traded on this until now the Fascist powers are planning, and in Spain realizing, conquest abroad. Recent international events are passed in review and there is an interesting section on the fluctuations of isolationist sentiment in America since the war. The suggestion is made that — since another war might very well destroy democracy even if fought to preserve it — the democracies should join together in energetic preventive measures such as the refusal of loans to the Fascist countries and reductions of tariffs to each other.

This, and a good deal else, is valuable and interesting. Yet this book leaves one with a disappointing feeling of unreality. The reason is that there are three lines of conflict in the world, inextricably mixed: political freedom, nationalist imperialism, and the class struggle. Mr. Armstrong confines himself to a study of the first. Now I agree that to reduce the first and second causes of conflict to the third and to explain everything in terms of economics is false, but it is a great deal more false to ignore the last two and express the world situation exclusively in terms of the first. It is this which leads Mr. Armstrong to the unqualified inclusion of Russia in the dictator block, though both Hitler and Mussolini are all but leaping to destroy her. The differences, recognized by the author himself, are basic. As far as political liberty is concerned she may well be classed with the dictators; but she has no imperialist aims and so stands there with the other satisfied powers against the three Fascist countries; whereas in the class struggle she stands alone against all, on the side of the disinherited everywhere, at least in theory. The danger of an incomplete presentation such as Mr. Armstrong's is that by lumping Russia with the other dictatorships we may come to think of her as the worst of the lot, and be deluded into allowing our democracies to join the Fascists against her, thus fighting the battles of all the economic bigshots and incidentally bringing economic reaction and most probably some form of Fascism to ourselves.

This the author would not desire. He does want more liberty, he does want more equality, and opposition to Fascist tendencies, at home; but unless he shows more clearly where we stand on the three planes of the conflict he may help to mislead others at least.

MAX REINERS.

The Canadian Forum

Patriot King

ROYAL GEORGE: C. E. Vulliamy; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 218; \$3.50.

IN THE various treatments of the policy and personality of George III which have appeared during the past few years, the Whig dogs still have the best of it. The efforts to rehabilitate the memory of that monarch have had sadly little to go on. They have made possible a more sympathetic view of his intentions; they have pretty well demolished the heroic legend which the Whigs built up around his opponents. But they have vindicated the benevolence of George III only at the expense of his reputation for ability. If he did not nourish the sinister designs with which Whig historians have credited him, if he did not pursue them with clear-sighted unscrupulousness, he is reduced to a petty and blundering figure to be viewed in sorrow rather than in anger — sorrow which has in it more than a little contempt.

This development, if it has not helped the Tories, is however of little advantage to the Whigs. Mr. Vulliamy's return to the full Whig version helps to underline the impression of emptiness which the figure of the monarch, shorn of his cloak of villainy, now conveys. The events of his reign are still of tremendous interest. In economic and social, as well as in political matters, it was one of the critical periods in English history. But though the king had a hand in many of these events, he no longer seems to dominate them; and the personality which lies behind his acts, if by no means repellent, is exceeding dull in both its virtues and its defects.

Given these disadvantages, Mr. Vulliamy must be commended for producing a readable and entertaining account of the monarch's reign. It is not a study which casts any new light upon the period. The facts are familiar, and at times the book suffers from an undue sketchiness in their presentation. The point of view is that of a disciple of Burke and Fox, and Mr. Vulliamy's acceptance of the conventional Whig postulates effectually inhibits any discernment of analysis. But he has a good narrative style, and a lively way of dealing with the episodes which crowd this period; and there are some entertaining descriptions of the king's social and domestic life. And it does bring out clearly, though perhaps unconsciously, how brief was George's real ascendancy, and how little he really counted amid the great events which he helped to set in motion.

EDGAR McINNIS.

New World and Old

NOT ALL RIVERS: Adriana Spadoni; Doubleday Doran; pp. 336; \$2.50.

THIS NOVEL, like so many that we are reading nowadays, is concerned with the readjustment necessary to the intellectual if he or she is to contribute any positive or fruitful element to the social struggle now in progress.



April, 1937

Miss Spadoni's thesis maintains that the cultured and sensitive, no matter how indignant they may be at injustice and inequality, are all but valueless so long as they seek a parallel but separate course and refuse to be absorbed into the radical mainstream. Moral and intellectual indignation must be intensified by fierce, personal emotion. To illustrate this her story ends with a flogging administered by vigilantes to a young lawyer whose progressive theories have hitherto been derived from an intelligent, impersonal humanitarianism. But the beating transforms him into one of the oppressed and their fears and hopes and fights are thenceforth his. This is all sound enough. Nevertheless it is a pity if the metamorphosis cannot be accomplished by means of less violent leavening. For I fear if some other amalgam is not found the Ivory Tower will become sadly overcrowded.

The locale of Not All Rivers is California and the story follows the life of Rhoda Townsend from her childhood, through university and an unhappy marriage with a professor, to her eventual identity with the labour and radical movements in that state. The descriptions of strikes and the brutality employed to combat them sound authentic and it is safe to suppose that Miss Spadoni was an eyewitness of many such incidents. For the rest the book is sincere and readable and, with the exception of a few overly earnest passages, it is more than competently written.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

THE FLOWERING ALOE: Sylvia Stevenson; Johnathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 383; \$2.00.

This is an extremely charming and sensitive portrait of a woman just leaving middle age behind her. Her chief, her only real interests are three grown-up children but they are of the post-war generation, speak a language which she does not understand and have troubles which they do not communicate to her although she longs to share them. For a time she tries to find consolation in spiritualism, and encounters modern psychological medicine on the way. A delightful, pathetic, lonely old lady who in the end courageously faces her loneliness. The three children, all so different from one another, are sympathetically drawn too, as are the minor characters; the village clergyman, an Oxford Grouper of the Hall-God-Well-Met type; Ivy, the maid, waiting to get married, and Christy, the comfortable, cheerful little typist who is needed so much by Justin, the artist, and Rex, his brother, the mechanic. It is an excellent picture of English middle class life and a delightful book.

GWENYTH GRUBE.



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Stalin or Trotsky

WHAT IS COMMUNISM? Earl Browder; Francis White (Workers Library); pp. 181; 25c.

THE TITLE is rather misleading, for the book does not discuss the fundamentals of either Communism or Marxism; it is rather a communist criticism of the contemporary American scene and a statement of present policy. As such, however, it is an interesting and useful handbook. The author is general secretary of the U.S.A. Communist Party. He first gives us a number of brief comments on the principal people and events on the American political scene of 1935, and some strong comments on the New Deal. He then considers the relation of his party to other radical organizations, the Socialist Party and the C.I.O. in particular, and explains the communist policy regarding the United Front. Finally, he tries to clear away some common misrepresentations by giving the communist position on such questions as the use of violence, peace, negro labour, religion and the family. The book ends with a very short and somewhat idealized sketch of Soviet Russia and a "Glimpse of Soviet America".

A non-communist reader will disagree with the author on many points, will find his policy on peace somewhat confused, and be disturbed by his throwing the responsibility for all past dissensions among radicals on others. This however is not the place for detailed criticism, and the whole makes a lucid and authoritative statement of the official aims and views of the Communist Party.

G. M. A. G.

THE END OF SOCIALISM IN RUSSIA: Max Eastman; McLelland & Stewart (Little, Brown) pp. 46; 85c.

EASTMAN here expounds the Trotskyist view that Stalin has in fact gone back on all Lenin stood for and that, especially during the last two years, most features of capitalism, including great inequality of wealth and unearned income, have reappeared in Russia. This is an extreme view, but ably put and documented, and the booklet contains a great deal that is of general interest. All friends of Russia have been deeply disturbed by some recent developments in the U.S.S.R. regarding education, sex and family life, penal codes and the like, as well as the rising tide of nationalist militarism. While the last may be said to be the inevitable consequence of a foreign policy forced upon them from outside, there is no such excuse for the others, and they are much more alarming. Communist opinion throughout the world could and should bring pressure to bear on Moscow in these matters, but there is no hope of this as long as they insist on regarding any criticism of Stalin as blasphemy. This same unfortunate fanaticism will prevent them from learning as much as they should from Russia's mistakes. Such obstinate blindness can only be harmful to Communism itself, both in Russia and elsewhere. Socialism in Russia is not at an end, but it may ultimately be endangered if nothing is done to check certain deplorable tendencies within the present Russian system.

M. R.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Mention in this list in no way precludes review in a subsequent issue)

SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF: The Autobiography of Rudyard Kipling; Macmillan; pp. 237; \$2.00.

THE UNEXPECTED YEARS: Laurence Housman; Nelson (Cape); pp. 392; \$3.00.

WILLIAM MORRIS AS I KNEW HIM: Bernard Shaw;

Macmillan (Dodd Mead); pp. 52; \$1.75.

THE CROQUET PLAYER: H. G. Wells; Macmillan; pp. 98; \$1.75.

LANCER AT LARGE: F. Yeats-Brown; Macmillan (Viking); pp. 323; \$3.00.

THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT: Jolan Foldes; Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 308; \$2.50.

JUAN IN CHINA: Eric Linklater; Nelson (Cape); pp. 383; \$2.00.

ROSE DEEPROSE: Sheila Kaye-Smith; Macmillan; pp. 452; \$2.25.

SPANISH TRAIL TO CALIFORNIA: T. De La Rhue; Copp Clark (Caxton); pp. 285; \$2.50.

TEN DAYS OFF: George Dunn; Nelson (Cape); pp. 287; \$2.50.

THEATRE: Somerset Maugham; Doubleday Doran; pp. 292; \$2.50.

MAN CHANGES HIS SKIN: Bruno Jasienski; Francis White; pp. 188; \$1.00.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME: Harlan Hatcher; Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 314; \$2.50.

THE NILE: The Life Story of a River: Emil Ludwig; Macmillan; pp. 619; \$5.00.

PIE IN THE SKY: Arthur Calder Marshal; Nelson; pp. 477; \$2.50.

THE NOVEL AND THE PEOPLE: Ralph Fox; Francis White (Lawrence & Wishart); pp. 172; \$1.50.

LOOK THROUGH THE BARS: Ernst Toller; Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 310; \$2.75.

EGERTON RYERSON, His Life and Letters; Vol. 1; C. B. Sissons; Clark Irwin, Oxford; pp. 601; \$4.00.

BEHIND THE SPANISH BARRICADES: John Langdon Davies; Macmillan (Secker & Warburg); pp. 303; \$3.75.

AMERICAN CITY: Charles Rumford Walker; Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 314; \$2.50.

THE JEWS OF GERMANY: Marvin Lowenthal; Longmans; pp. 444; \$3.50.

THE LIMITS OF ECONOMICS: Oskar Morgenstein; Saunders (Hodge); pp. 160; 7/6.

CLAMOUR FOR COLONIES: H. S. Ashton; Nelson (Butterworth); pp. 192; \$2.50.

THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF UNEMPLOYMENT: Shipley N. Brayshaw; Nelson (Allen Unwin) pp. 48; 30c.

THE LEAGUE AND THE FUTURE OF THE COLLECTIVE SYSTEM: Lectures Geneva Inst. International Affairs August, 1936; Nelson (Allen Unwin); pp. 254; \$2.50.

THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVANT: Ed. William A. Robson; Nelson (Allen Unwin); pp. 254; \$2.00.

RAILROAD AND RIVER: W. W. Swanson; Macmillan; pp. 121; \$1.50.

THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED: Leon Trotsky; translation Max Eastman; Doubleday Doran; pp. 308; \$3.00.

MARX AND THE TRADE UNIONS: A. Lozovsky; Francis White (International Publications); pp. 188; \$1.00.

LANDLORD AND PEASANT IN CHINA: Chen-Han-Seng; Francis White; pp. 144; \$1.75.

FOR LAWYERS AND OTHERS: Theobald Matthew; Saunders (Hodge); pp. 293; 10/6.

MARRIED PEOPLE: Mary Roberts Rinehart; Farrar & Rinehart; pp. 314; \$2.25.

AT THE MOSCOW TRIAL: N. Pritt, K.C.; Francis White; pp. 31; 5c.

SOVIET DICTATORSHIP? Dictatorship or Democracy? Sidney and Beatrice Webb; Francis White; pp. 80; 10c.

BRAZIL: Bryan Green; Francis White; pp. 30; 5c.

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